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Selections.

WENDELL PHILLIPS ON THE DEATH OF THE PRESIDENT.

[The substance of the following speech, together with an extract therefrom, was given by our Boston Correspondent last week; but our readers will all desire to see the whole, as it fell from the speaker's lips.]

THESE are sober days. The judgments of God have found us out. Years gone by chastised us with whips—these chastise us with scorpions. Thirty years ago how strong our mountain stood, laughing prosperity on all its sides! None heeded the fire and gloom which slumbered below. It was nothing that a giant sin gagged our pulpits; that its mobs ruled our cities, burnt men at the stake for their opinions, and hunted them like wild beasts for their humanity. It was nothing that in the lonely quiet of the plantation, there fell on the unpitied person of the slave every torture that hellish ingenuity could devise. It was nothing that as husband and father, mother and child, the negro drained to its dregs all the bitterness that could be pressed into his cup; that, torn with whip and dogs, starved, hunted, tortured, racked, he cried: "How long! oh Lord, how long!" In vain did a thousand witnesses crowd our highways, telling to the world the horrors of this prison-house. None stopped to consider, none believed. Trade turned away its deaf ear—the Church gazed on them with stony brow—letters passed by with mocking tongue. But what the world would not look at, God has set to-day in a light so ghastly bright, that it almost dazzles us blind. What the world refused to believe, God has written all over the face of the continent, with the sword's point, in the blood of our best and most beloved. We believe the agony of the slave's hovel, the mother and the husband, when it takes its seat at our board. We realize the barbarism that crushed him in the sickening and brutal use of the relics of Bull Run, in the torture and starvation of Libby Prison, where idiocy was mercy, and death was God's best blessing; and now still more bitterly we realize it in the coward spite which strikes an unarmed man, unwarned, behind his back; in the assassin fingers which dabble with bloody knife at the throats of old men on sick pillows. Oh, God! let this lesson be enough! Spare us any more such costly teaching!

This deed is but the result and fair representative of the system in whose defence it was done. No matter whether it was previously approved at Richmond, or whether the assassin, if he reaches the Confederates, be received with all honor, as the wretch Brooks was, and as this bloodier wretch will surely be, wherever rebels are not dumb with fear of our cannon. No matter for all this. God shows this terrible act to teach the nation, in unmistakable terms, the terrible foe with which it has to deal. But for this fiendish spirit, North and South, which holds up the rebellion, the assassin had never either wished or dared such a deed. This lurid flash only shows us how black and wide the cloud from which it sprung.

And what of him in whose precious blood this momentous lesson is writ? He sleeps in the blessings of the poor, whose fetters God commissioned him to break. Give prayers and tears to the desolate widow and the fatherless, but count him blessed far above the crowd of his fellow-men. (Fervent cries of "Amen!") He was permitted himself to deal the last staggering blow which sent rebellion reeling to its grave; and then, holding his darling boy by the hand, to walk the streets of its surrendered capital, while his ears drank in praise and thanksgiving which bore his name to the throne of God in every form piety and gratitude could invent, and then to seal the sure triumph of the cause he loved with his own blood. He caught the first notes of the coming jubilee and heard his own name in every one. Who among living men may not envy him? Suppose that when, a boy, he floated on the slow current of the Mississippi, idly gazing at the slave upon its banks, some angel had lifted the curtain, and shown him that in the prime of his manhood he should see this proud empire rocked to its foundation in the effort to break those chains, should himself marshal the hosts of the Almighty in the grandest and holiest war that Christendom ever knew, and deal, with half-reluctant hand, that thunderbolt of justice which would smite the foul system to the dust—then die, leaving a name immortal in the sturdy pride of our race and the undying gratitude of another—would any credulity, however sanguine, any enthusiasm, however fervid, have enabled him to do it? Fortunate man! He has lived to do it! (Applause.) God has graciously withheld him from any fatal misstep in the great advance, and withdrawn him at the moment when his star touched its zenith, and the nation needed a sterner hand for the work God gives it to do.

No matter now that, unable to lead and form the nation, he was contented to be only its representative and mouthpiece; no matter that, with prejudices hanging about him, he groped his way very slowly and sometimes reluctantly forward; let us remember how patient he was of contradiction, how little obstinate in opinion, how willing, like Lord Bacon, "to light his torch at every man's candle." With the least possible personal hatred, with too little sectional bitterness, often forgetting justice in mercy; tender-hearted to any misery his own eyes saw, and in any deed which needed his actual sanction, if his sympathies had limits, recollect he was human, and that he welcomed light more than most men, was more honest than his fellows, and with a truth to his own convictions such as few politicians achieve. With all his shortcomings, we point proudly to him as the natural growth of democratic institutions (applause). Coming time will put him in that galaxy of Americans which makes our history the day-star of nations — Washington, Hamilton, Franklin, Jefferson and Jay. History will add his name to the bright list, with a more loving claim on our gratitude than either of them. No one of those was called to die for his cause. For him, when the nation needed to be raised to its last dread duty, we were prepared for it by the baptism of his blood.

What shall we say as to the punishment of rebels? The air is thick with threats of vengeance. I admire the motive which prompts these. But let us remember no cause, however infamous, was ever crushed by punishing its advocates and abettors. All history proves this. There is no class of men base and coward enough, no matter what their views and purpose, to make the policy of vengeance successful. In bad causes, as well as good, it is still true that "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church." We cannot prevail against this principle of human nature. And again, with regard to the dozen chief rebels, it will never be a practical question whether we shall hang them. Those not now in Europe will soon be there. Indeed, after parolling the bloodiest and guiltiest of all, Robert Lee (loud applause), there would be little fitness in hanging any lesser wretch.

The only punishment which ever crushes a cause is that which its leaders necessarily suffer in consequence of the new order of things made necessary to prevent the recurrence of their sin. It was not the blood of two peers and thirty commoners which England shed after the rebellion of 1715, or that of five peers and twenty commoners after the rising of 1745, which crushed the House of Stuart. Though the fight had lasted only a few months, those blocks and gibbets gave Charles his only chance to recover. But the confiscated lands of his adherents, and the new political arrangement of the Highlands—just, and recognized as such, because necessary—these quenched his star forever.

Our rebellion has lasted four years. Government has exchanged prisoners and acknowledged its belligerent rights. After that, gibbets are out of the question. A thousand men rule the rebellion—are the rebellion. A thousand men. We cannot hang them all. We cannot hang men in regiments. What! cover the continent with gibbets! We cannot sicken the 19th century with such a sight. It would sink our civilization to the level of Southern barbarism. It would forfeit our very right to supersede the Southern system, which right is based on ours being better than theirs. To make its corner-stone the gibbet would degrade us to the level of Davis and Lee. The structure of government which bore the earthquake shock of 1861 with hardly a jar, and now bears the assassination of its Chief-Magistrate in this crisis of civil war with even less disturbance, needs for its safety no such policy of vengeance, and should use only so much severity as will fully guarantee security for the future.

Banish every one of these thousand rebel leaders—every one of them, on pain of death if they ever return! (Loud applause.) Confiscate every dollar and acre they own (applause). These steps the world and their followers will see are necessary to kill the seeds of *caste*, dangerous State rights and secession (applause). Banish Lee with the rest. No government should ask of the South which he has wasted and the North which he has murdered such superabundant Christian patience as to tolerate in our streets the presence of a wretch whose hand upheld Libby Prison and Andersonville, and whose soul is black with sixty-four thousand deaths of [illegible] by starvation and torture.

What of our new President? His whole life is a pledge that he knows and hates thoroughly that *caste* which is the Gibraltar of secession. *Caste*, mailed in State rights, seized slavery as its weapon to smite down the Union. Said Jackson in 1833, "Slavery will be the next *pretext* for rebellion." PRETEXT! That pretext and weapon we wrench from the rebel hands the moment we pass the Anti-Slavery Amendment to the Constitution. Now kill *Caste*, the foe who wields it. Andy Johnson is our natural leader for this. His life has been pledged to it. He put on his spurs with this view of knighthood. He sees that confiscation, land placed in the hands of the *masses*, is the means to kill this foe.

Land and ballot are the true foundation of all governments. Intrust them wherever loyalty exists to all those black and white, who have upheld the flag (applause). Reconstruct no State without giving to every loyal man in it the ballot. I scout all limitations of knowedge, property or race (applause). Universal suffrage for me. That was the Revolutionary model. Every freeman voted, black or white, whether he could read or not. My rule is, any citizen liable to be hanged for crime is entitled to vote for rulers. The ballot insures the school.

Mr. Johnson has not yet uttered a word which shows that he sees the need of negro suffrage for this purpose. The best thing he has said on this point, showing a mind open to light, is thus reported by one of the most intelligent men in the country—the Baltimore correspondent of the Boston *Commonwealth*:

"The Vice-President was holding forth very eloquently in front of Admiral Lee's dwelling, just in front of the War Office in Washington. He said he was willing to send every negro in the country to Africa to save the Union. Nay, he was willing to cut Africa loose from Asia, and sink the whole black race ten thousand fathoms deep to effect this object. A loud voice sang out in the crowd, 'Let the negro stay where he is, Governor; and give him the ballot, and the Union will be safe forever!' 'And I am ready to do that too!' (loud applause) shouted the Governor, with intense energy, whereat he got three times three for the noble sentiment. I witnessed this scene, and was pleased to hear our Vice-President take this high ground, for up to this point must the Nation quickly advance, or there will be no peace, no rest, no prosperity, no blessing, for our suffering and distracted country."

The need of giving the negro a ballot is what we must press on the President's attention. Beware the mistake which fastened McClellan on us—running too fast to take a man untried—determined to make a hero or leader in spite of everything. The President tells us that he waits to announce his policy till events call for it, a wise and timely course. Let us imitate it. Assure him in return that the government shall have our support like good citizens. But remind him that we will tell him what we think of his policy when we learn what it is. He says, "Wait—I shall punish; I shall confiscate; what more I shall do, you will know when I do it."

Let us reply: "Good! So far good! Punish the rebels. See to it, beyond all mistake, you strip them of all possibility of doing harm. But see to it also that before you admit a single State to the Union you oblige it to give every loyal man in it the ballot—the ballot, which secures education—the ballot which begets character where it lodges responsibility—the ballot, having which, no class need fear injustice or contempt—the ballot, which puts the helm of the Union into the hands of those who love and have upheld it. Land—where every man's title-deed, based on confiscation, is the bond which ties his interest to the Union; ballot—the weapon which enables him to defend his property and the Union; these are the motives for the white man—the negro needs no motive but his instinct and heart. Give him the bullet and ballot—he needs them—and, while he holds them, the Union is safe. To reconstruct now without giving the negro the ballot would be a greater blunder and, considering our better light, a greater sin than our fathers committed in 1789—and we should have no right to expect from it any less disastrous results."

This is the lesson God teaches us in the blood of Lincoln. Like Egypt, we are made to read our lesson in the blood of our first born, and the seats of our princes left empty. We bury all false magnanimity in this fresh grave, writing over it the maxim of the coming four years—"Treason is the greatest of crimes and not a mere difference of opinion." That is the motto of our leader to-day. That the warning this atrocious crime sounds throughout the land. Let us heed it, and need no more such costly teaching (loud applause).

A MOSES TO THE SLAVE.

[Gov. Andrew Johnson's speech to the colored people of Nashville, on the 24th of October last was fully reported by a correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette*. We print the following extract from the speech, as it has new interest from the high official position the orator has assumed. In referring to the slave oligarchy, Mr. Johnson said:]

"THE representatives of this corrupt (and if you will permit me almost to swear a little), this damnable aristocracy taunt us with our desire to see justice done, and charge us with favoring negro equality. Of all living men they should be the last to mouth that phrase; and even when uttered in their hearing, it should cause their cheeks to tingle and burn with shame. Negro equality, indeed! Why, pass any day along the sidewalks of High street, where these aristocrats more particularly dwell — these aristocrats, whose sons are now in the bands of guerillas and cut-throats who prowl, and rob, and murder around our city—pass by their dwellings, I say, and you will see as many mulatto as negro children, the former bearing an unmistakable resemblance to their aristocratic owners!"

"Colored men of Tennessee! this, too, shall cease. Your wives and daughters shall no longer be dragged into a concubinage compared to which polygamy is a virtue, to satisfy the brutal lusts of slaveholders and overseers! Henceforth the sanctity of God's holy law of marriage shall be respected in your persons, and the great State of Tennessee shall no more give her sanction to your degradation and your shame!"

"Thank God! thank God!" came from the lips of a thousand women, who, in their own persons, had experienced the hellish iniquity of the man-seller's code. "Thank God" fervently echoed the fathers, husbands, brothers of these women.

"And if the law protects you in the possession of your wives and children, if the law shields those whom you hold dear from the unlawful grasp of lust, will you endeavor to be true to yourselves, and shun as if it were death itself the path of lewdness, crime and vice?"

"We will! we will!" cried the assembled thousands; and joining in a sublime and tearful enthusiasm, another mighty shout went up to heaven.

"Looking at this vast crowd of colored people," continued the Governor, "and reflecting through what a storm of persecution and obloquy they are compelled to pass, I am almost induced to wish that, as in the days of old, a Moses might arise who should lead them safely to their promised land of freedom and happiness."

"You are our Moses," shouted several voices, and the exclamation was caught up and cheered until the capitol rung again.

"God," continued the speaker, "no doubt, has prepared somewhere an instrument for the great work he designs to perform in behalf of this outraged people; and in due time your leader will come forth; your Moses will be revealed to you."

"We want no Moses but you!" again shouted the crowd.

"Well, then," replied the speaker, "humble and unworthy as I am, if no better shall be found, I will indeed be your Moses, and lead you through the Red Sea of war and bondage to a fairer future of liberty and peace. I speak now as one who feels the world, his country, and all who love equal rights his friends. I speak, too, as a citizen of Tennessee. I am here on my own soil; and here I mean to stay and fight this great battle of truth and justice to a triumphant end. Rebellion and slavery shall, by God's good help, no longer pollute our State. Loyal men, whether white or black, shall alone control her destinies; and when this strife in which we are all engaged is past, I trust, I know, we shall have a better state of things, and shall all rejoice that honest labor reaps the fruit of its own industry, and that every man has a fair chance in the race of life."

[It is impossible, says the correspondent, to describe the enthusiasm which followed these words. Joy beamed in every countenance. Tears and laughter followed each other in quick succession. The great throng moved and swayed back and forth in the intensity of emotion; and shout after shout rent the air. A man might have exchanged an ordinary immortality to have made such a speech, and been much the gainer.]

BANCROFT'S ORATION.

[Extract from GEORGE BANCROFT'S Oration, delivered at Union Square, New York, on the day when the body of Lincoln was borne out of the city on its way to Illinois.]

Too few days have passed away since Abraham Lincoln stood in the flush of vigorous manhood, to permit any attempt at an analysis of his character or an exposition of his career. We find it hard to believe that his large eyes, which in their softness and beauty expressed nothing but benevolence and gentleness, are closed in death; we almost look for the pleasant smile that brought out more vividly the earnest cast of his features, which were serious even to sadness. A few years ago he was a village attorney, engaged in the support of a rising family, unknown to fame, scarcely named beyond his neighborhood; his administration made him the most conspicuous man in his country, and drew on him first the astonished gaze, and then the respect and admiration of the world.

Those who come after us will decide how much of the wonderful results of his public career is due to his own good common sense, his shrewd sagacity, readiness of wit, quick interpretation of the public mind, his rare combination of fixedness and pliancy, his steady tendency of purpose; how much to the American people, who, as he walked with them side by side, inspired him with their own wisdom and energy; and how much to the overruling laws of the moral world, by which the selfishness of evil is made to defeat itself. But after every allowance, it will remain that members of the government which preceded his administration opened the gates to treason, and he closed them; that when he went to Washington the ground on which he trod shook under his feet, and he left the republic on a solid foundation; that traitors had seized public forts and arsenals, and he recovered them for the United States, to whom they belonged; that the capital, which he found the abode of slaves, is now the home only of the free; that the boundless public domain which was grasped at, and, in a great measure, held for the diffusion of slavery, is now irrevocably devoted to freedom; that then men talked a jargon of a balance of power in a republic between slave States and free States, and now the foolish words are blown away forever by the breath of Maryland, Missouri and Tennessee; that a terrible cloud of political heresy rose from the abyss threatening to hide the light of the sun, and under its darkness a rebellion was rising into indefinable proportions; now the atmosphere is purer than ever before, and the insurrection is vanishing away; the country is cast into another mould, and the gigantic system of wrong, which had been the work of more than two centuries, is dashed down, we hope forever. And as to himself personally: he was then scoffed at by the proud as unfit for his station, and now, against the usage of later years, and in spite of numerous competitors, he was the unbiassed and the undoubted choice of the American people for a second term of service. Through all the mad business of [illegible] he was pure in disposition; and the slaughter of myriads of the best on the battle-field, and the more terrible destruction of our men in captivity by the slow torture of exposure and starvation, had never been able to provoke him into harboring one vengeful feeling or one purpose of cruelty.

How shall the nation most completely show its sorrow at Mr. Lincoln's death? How shall it best honor his memory? There can be but one answer. He was struck down when he was highest in its service, and in strict conformity with duty was engaged in carrying out principles affecting its life, its good name, and its relations to the cause of freedom and the progress of mankind. Grief must take the character of action, and breathe itself forth in the assertion of the policy to which he fell a sacrifice. The standard which he held in his hand must be uplifted again, higher and more firmly than before, and must be carried on to triumph. Above everything else, his proclamation of the first day of January, 1863, declaring throughout the parts of the country in rebellion the freedom of all persons who had been held as slaves, must be affirmed and maintained.

Events, as they rolled onward, have removed every doubt of the legality and binding force of that proclamation. The country and the rebel government have each laid claim to the public service of the slave, and yet but one of the two can have a rightful claim to such service. That rightful claim belongs to the United States, because every one born on their soil, with the few exceptions of the children of travellers and transient residents, owes them a primary allegiance. Every one so born has been counted among those represented in Congress; every slave has ever been represented in Congress—imperfectly and wrongly it may be—but still has been counted and represented. The slave born on our soil always owed allegiance to the General government. It may in times past have been a qualified allegiance, manifested through his master, as the allegiance of a ward through its guardian or of an infant through its parent. But when the master became false to his allegiance the slave stood face to face with his country, and his allegiance, which may before have been a qualified one, became direct and immediate. His chains fell off, and he stood at once in the presence of the nation, bound, like the rest of us, to its public defence. Mr. Lincoln's proclamation did but take notice of the already existing right of the bondman to freedom. The treason of the master made it a public crime for the slave to continue his obedience; the treason of a State set free the collective bondmen of that State.

This doctrine is supported by the analogy of precedents. In the times of feudalism the treason of the lord of the manor deprived him of his serfs; the spurious feudalism that existed among us differs in many respects from the feudalism of the middle ages; but so far the precedent runs parallel with the present case; for treason the master then, for treason the master now, loses his slaves.

In the middle ages the sovereign appointed another lord over the serfs and the land which they cultivated; in our day, the sovereign makes them masters of their own persons, lords over themselves.

It has been said that we are at war, and that emancipation is not a belligerent right. The objection disappears before analysis. In a war between independent powers the invading foreigner invites to his standard all who will give him aid, whether bond or free, and he rewards them according to his ability and his pleasure with gifts or freedom; but when at a peace he withdraws from the invaded country he must take his aiders and comforters with him; or if he leaves them behind, where he has no court to enforce his decrees, he can give them no security, unless it be by the stipulations of a treaty. In a civil war it is altogether different. There, when rebellion is crushed the old government is restored, and its courts resume their jurisdiction. So it is with us; the United States have courts of their own, that must punish the guilt of treason and vindicate the freedom of persons whom the fact of rebellion has set free.

Nor may it be said, that because slavery existed in most of the States when the Union was formed, it cannot rightfully be interfered with now. A change has taken place, such as Madison foresaw, and for which he pointed out the remedy. The Constitutions of States had been transformed before the plotters of treason carried them away into rebellion. When the Federal Constitution was formed, general emancipation was thought to be near; and everywhere the respective legislatures had authority, in the exercise of their ordinary functions, to do away with slavery; since that time the attempt has been made in what are called slave States to make the condition of slavery perpetual; and events have proved with the clearness of demonstration, that a Constitution which seeks to continue a caste of hereditary bondmen through endless generations is inconsistent with the existence of republican institutions.

So, then, the new President and the people of the United States must insist that the proclamation of freedom shall stand as a reality. And moreover, the people must never cease to insist that the Constitution shall be so amended as utterly to prohibit slavery on any part of our soil forevermore.

Alas! that a State in our vicinity should withhold its assent to this last beneficent measure; its refusal was an encouragement to our enemies equal to the gain of a pitched battle; and delays the only hopeful method of pacification. The removal of the cause of the rebellion is not only demanded by justice; it is the policy of mercy, making room for a wider clemency; it is the part of order against a chaos of controversy; its success brings with it true reconcilement, a lasting peace, a continuous growth of confidence through an assimilation of the social condition. Here is the fitting expression of the mourning of to-day.

And let no lover of his country say that this warning is uncalled for. The cry is delusive that slavery is dead. Even now it is nerving itself for a fresh struggle for continuance. The last winds from the South waft to us the sad intelligence that a man, who had surrounded himself with the glory of the most brilliant and most varied achievements, who but a week ago was named with affectionate pride among the greatest benefactors of Antiquity and the ablest generals of all time, has usurped more than the whole power of the Executive, and under the name of peace has revived slavery and given security and political power to traitors from the Chesapeake to the Rio Grande. Why could he not remember the dying advice of Washington, never to draw the sword but for self-defence or the rights of his country, and when drawn, never to sheathe it till its work should be accomplished? And yet from this bad act, which the people with one united voice condemn, no great evil will follow save the shadow on his own fame. The individual, even in the greatness of military glory, sinks into insignificance before the resistless movements in the history of man. No one can turn back or stay the march of Providence.

LIFE AND DEATH OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

[IN Philadelphia, on the 24th ult., Hon. WM. D. KELLEY, who was upon terms of intimacy with the martyred President from the day of his election to that of his tragical death, delivered an address upon his life and character before the Girls' High and Normal School, from which we copy as follows:]

It was my good fortune in the month of May, 1860, to be selected by the President of the Chicago Convention as the representative of Pennsylvania, in the delegation of one from each State, to convey to Mr. Lincoln in person the information of his nomination. We reached Springfield just as the sun had gone down, and, after having partaken of slight refreshment, moved in procession to his home, which we found to be a frame two-storied house, apparently thirty-five or forty feet square, standing at the corner of two streets. The gateway was most appropriately arched for the entrance to the home of such a man. From the column on one side leaned over the gate, little Willie Lincoln, whose mortal remains accompany those of his father to their last resting-place; and from the other, stretched over to him, grasping his hands, the little boy whom we now know as "Tad," but whose name is not Thaddeus as the newspapers call it, Tad being merely a "pet name," by which his father delighted to call him. Under this archway we went into the home of one who was then enshrined in the hearts of the people of Illinois as "honest Abraham Lincoln," and who was more beloved at that time by those who knew him than any other public man of our country.

As we entered the parlor, very plainly furnished, but all in good taste, I observed the tall, slender man, whose form we now can all recall, standing at the end of the room. I was not very favorably impressed. The face was in perfect repose—repose as absolute, almost, as marked it night before last when I beheld it in its resting-place in Independence Hall, lying under the shadow of the great bell which in [illegible] had proclaimed its Proclamation of Emancipation, and which the Almighty had fractured, so that it should no longer breathe forth lies when the State of Pennsylvania had devoted itself to the extension and perpetuation of slavery. The brief address was made by Mr. Ashmun, Chairman of the Convention, and then I obtained a glimpse into the interior character of Abraham Lincoln.

As he uttered the first sentence, a smile played round his large mouth, his eyes lit up, and his face declared the nature which we have learned in some measure to comprehend and revere. From that moment I have loved the man, apart from his high office and the honors which he held at his disposal. During the month of August following, I had the privilege of passing a day with him; and on leaving him, I found that nothing had so impressed me as the simplicity of his character, and the manner in which he sought to comprehend any fact that was stated to him, and to find its relations to other facts or prevalent theories.

I saw that he cared but little about the phraseology or the structure of sentences, but was intent upon understanding things and knowing their relations and influence. It is only the large man that is related to many men dearly, nearly, intellectually; and in this respect Abraham Lincoln's greatness is shown. Whatever was of interest enough to engage another thoroughly interested him, if it was only to know why such a thing should interest an intellectual being. Hence it was that his sincerity was sometimes doubted because men of differing views would leave him each apparently well satisfied. He would strive to know precisely the aim of each, and to show them that in the course things were taking, the good they desired was likely to be assured. For while there are very wide differences of opinion among the really loyal people of the country, and a portion of those of the border States, whose loyalty we have sometimes doubted, they all, in the main, aim at the same thing—the preservation of our country—though by different means, and differing as to some of the details. Mr. Lincoln's intellect was of such a character that he desired to comprehend the thoughts and purposes of the people; and his nature was so large that he sympathized with every earnest or afflicted person.

Mr. Lincoln was an eminently religious man. He lived in the consciousness of his mortality, and of the judgments of a just God. No wrecked mariner, storm-tossed 'mid ocean upon a raft, ever felt more thoroughly his dependence and that of those around him upon God, than Abraham Lincoln felt the dependence of this nation and himself. You remember the closing remarks of his brief address to the people of Springfield, on leaving them previous to his inauguration; you have read more or less of his State papers, and his addresses to communities through which he was passing; and you find in them all expressions indicative of his sense of this dependence. These were not formal phrases, as they sometimes are in official papers. With Abraham Lincoln this consciousness was ever present.

I turn to a little incident. On the 14th of November, just five months before the President's assassination, about the same time in the evening, I had the honor, in accordance with a request of a few of my friends, to present to him a medallion containing in gold the heads of Abraham Lincoln and George Washington, from dies of the same size. Opening by a spring, it showed them face to face. Under the Scotch crystal which covered its external surfaces were brief inscriptions, also in gold.

It had been made by Mr. Lewis R. Broomall, formerly the chief coiner at the Mint, but who had resigned that situation, and was not at the time an officeholder under the President. We were seated socially, the occasion was entirely informal; but I took the opportunity, in presenting the medallion to suggest to the company the appropriateness of thus enshrining the likeness of Washington and Lincoln.

In doing this, I reminded Mr. Lincoln that Washington was an anti-slavery man, who, while he had favored the compromises of the Constitution, had done all he could personally to obliterate slavery; that his will had enfranchised those slaves over whom he had control, freeing "all others than the dower slaves"; that he had corresponded with Lafayette and others, expressing his sympathy with the slave, and hoped that some means might be provided for the ultimate abolition of slavery; and that in those days *to ask that the slave be made free was to ask that he be made a citizen*; for at that period free colored men were citizens everywhere out of South Carolina, unless perhaps in Virginia and Delaware.

Having closed my conversational remarks, the President expressed his sense of the great beauty and value of the medallion, and turning to a book that lay near him, which proved to be a memoir of his own life, he read an extract from one of his speeches in the Douglas debate. It was a perfect reply to all that I had said. He did not accept the position beside Washington; he did not with undue diffidence disclaim it in the presence of so perfect a parallel. He read from a speech of his own, made long years before, a brief passage showing that he had had knowledge derived from history of the truth of the assertions I had made respecting the equality of the free black and the white man in the earlier days of our republic, and the terrible reaction in public sentiment which slavery had wrought.

His intercourse with his family was beautiful as that with his friends. I think that father never loved his children more fondly than he. The President never seemed grander in my sight than when stealing upon him in the evening, I would find him with a book open before him (as you have seen him in the popular photograph), and little "Tad" beside him. There were of course a great many very curious books sent to him, and it seemed to be one of the special delights of his life to open those books at such an hour that this little boy could stand beside him, and they could talk as he turned over the pages, the father thus giving to the little fellow a portion of that care and attention of which he was ordinarily deprived by the duties of office pressing upon the father.

Did you ever hear how he earned his first dollar? It tells the story of his early life, and it is a story that every poor American boy should hear.

And you, ladies, who are preparing yourselves for the highest office, I was about to say, that can be entrusted to man or woman, that of training the young for the duties of American citizenship and the hope of Heaven, should all know this incident, for it will make you feel that the humblest child confided to you may be a charge that in its development will prove to have been sublime.

One evening in the Executive Chamber there were present a number of gentlemen, among them Mr. Seward.

A point in the conversation suggesting the thought, Mr. Lincoln said, "Seward, you never heard, did you, how I earned my first dollar?" "No," said Mr. Seward. "Well," replied he, "I was about 18 years of age. I belonged, you know, to what they call down South, the 'scrubs'; people who do not own land and slaves are nobody there. But we had succeeded in raising, chiefly by my labor, sufficient produce, as I thought, to justify me in taking it down the river to sell.

"After much persuasion I got the consent of mother to go, and constructed a little flatboat large enough to take the barrel or two of things, that we had gathered, with myself and little bundle, down to New Orleans. A steamer was coming down the river. We have, you know, no wharves on the Western streams, and the custom was, if passengers were at any of the landings, for them to go out in a boat, the steamer stopping and taking them on board.

"I was contemplating my new flatboat and wondering whether I could make it stronger or improve it in any particular, when two men came down to the shore in carriages with trunks, and looking at the different boats singled out mine, and asked, 'Who owns this?' I answered somewhat modestly, 'I do.' 'Will you,' said one them 'take us and our trunks out to the steamer?' 'Certainly,' said I. I was very glad to have the chance of earning something. I supposed that each would give me two or three bits. The trunks were put on my flatboat, the passengers seated themselves on the trunks, and I sculled them out to the steamboat.

"They got on board, and I lifted up their heavy trunks, and put them on deck. The steamer was about to put on steam again, when I called out that they had forgotten to pay me. Each of them took from his pocket a silver half dollar, and threw it on the floor of my boat. I could scarcely believe my eyes as I picked up the money. Gentlemen, you may think it was a very little thing, and in these days it seems to me like a trifle; but it was a most important incident in my life. I could scarcely credit that I, a poor boy, had earned a dollar in less than a day—that by honest work I had earned a dollar. The world seemed wider and fairer before me. I was a more hopeful and confident being from that time."

It was not man, it was not our system of instruc- society, and our system of instruction, and our free institutions, had much to do with the development of his character. His would have been a gentle and a generous nature anywhere. But it would not have been precisely what it was anywhere else than in this country. He is gone from us. He died a martyr to his love of mankind. He died at the hands of the institution of slavery. He died, my friends—alas! it is too true—the victim of our pride and prejudice. Not J. Wilkes Booth killed Abraham Lincoln. He was a mere instrument in the hands of the murderous people of the country—the murderous people of the South—sustained and encouraged in a bad and atheistical faith by how large a portion of the people of the North! You would be shocked, young ladies, if I should ask you whether your delicate hands did not strengthen the assassin's arm? You would revolt and grow angry at me if I should earnestly ask you whether your gentle voices did not encourage him to strike the fatal blow? Yet may it not have been so? Let us see.

Why did John Wilkes Booth murder Abraham Lincoln? Because he does not believe that God "hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on *all* the face of the earth"; because he does believe that God made this country for the white man alone; because, believing thus, he logically believes that Abraham Lincoln was guilty of a crime against God in trying to liberate the slave, and raise from his soul the burdens of oppression; because Abraham Lincoln was, with Christian effort, trying to make of the black men of the country voters, and of the black women of the country the wives and daughters of citizens.

Have we not encouraged the assassin and the conspirators who protect him? Why is it that when a Christian woman, if her skin be not colored like our own, enters a railroad car in Philadelphia, we swell with indignation, and demand that the law of the State be violated, and that she be ejected with brutal force if necessary? The murderous fiends of the South understood this. Their friends and accessories have witnessed and applauded these outrages, and proclaimed them to the people of the South as pregnant evidence of our sympathy with them.

Yes, gentle girls, you and I and all of us stand responsible to God for the great crimes that are deluging our land with blood, and we must henceforth do works meet for repentance. We must learn to acknowledge the right of the Creator to make His children of what stature and of what complexion to Him seemeth good; and before His majesty and might we must purge ourselves of our prejudices and pride of race. Not only in the street car do we display these, but where we go to bring ourselves most immediately to the feet of the Almighty Father of all, the Christian Church, we assign to those having in their veins the tainted blood of Africa seats only in the distant corner of the gallery, or remit them to their own congregations, where they may hear their own oppressed brethren expound the Word of Life. We exclude their clergymen from the halls of science, the gallery of art, the circles of refinement. Yet we denounce the race as inferior, because, under these cruel oppressions, they do not rise beyond their present stature.

Abraham Lincoln knew well that the Divine power on which he leaned was a God of justice. And yet, my friends, it seems to me that his taking off was permitted in order to bring the American people to a sense of the fact that justice is an attribute of God, and that justice and judgment are laws of His providence. The grandest crime recorded in history was just being drawn apparently to an end—a crime having its origin in a desire to extend and perpetuate a system of crime, for slavery was well called by John Wesley "the sum of all villanies." It is idle to talk of the beatitudes in connection with slavery. The Ten Commandments were every one of them violated by the holder of every slave. Yet this great war, which has made our fields green in their luxuriance by the blood that has been poured out upon them—this great war, that has darkened every home, that has made the South a desolation and the North a house of mourning, was begun to extend and perpetuate that great and inhuman crime. It has been itself a crime from the beginning. It has been characterized by more of inhumanity than the war of any other Christian nation within the later centuries. I need not speak of soldiers who, in the midst of plenty have pined and died of starvation; I need not refer to the instances in which food has been laid around their prisons that they might reach for it, and then, as the starving man extended a trembling hand to snatch a mouthful of food, he might be shot.

I need not refer to the murdering in cold blood of prisoners taken in war. I need not recite these horrors. The war itself has been one grand horror, and the people were beginning to perceive that the God of Providence was thus punishing the nation for the sin of slavery. Yet what was likely to be the result? We were rejoicing over coming peace. We were careless as to the terms of peace. Leading organs of the country, even in our own city, proposed that the past should be forgotten; that, slavery being abolished, all else should be foregone—that the Confiscation acts should be repealed, and that property which had been confiscated should be restored to its wicked and rebellious owners.

At least such was the intimation, for it was said that no property was held by so slight a tenure as that which had been acquired under the Confiscation Acts. The fear had gone abroad that our good President was about to permit mercy to triumph over justice, and issue another and broader proclamation of amnesty, so that God should see that our nation put at defiance that one of His laws which makes punishment the inevitable sequence of crime.

It is not for us to read the designs of Providence; but we may look reverentially at its workings, and strive to draw from them guidance and wisdom. And this is the lesson I read in this mournful incident: That the time had come when Abraham Lincoln, who had been commissioned to lead the people out of the house of bondage, had completed his work, and when a judge was to be substituted for a loving leader; and that the South illustrating again how God can make the wrath of man to praise Him, became the instrument of working the change.

THE FLIGHT OF JEFF. DAVIS.

From the Richmond Whig of April 28.

GREAT curiosity is naturally felt North and South to learn what has become of Jefferson Davis, the head and front of the greatest rebellion the world has yet seen. He vanished from Richmond under cover of the night of April 2; on the 5th he turned up in Danville, where he tarried just long enough to issue as a proclamation one of Mr. Judah P. Benjamin's lucubrations, and then again disappeared. Since that time there have been numerous conjectures as to his fate. From Savannah, by way of Baltimore, the report came to us that he had reached Macon, Georgia, on the 10th instant. It occurred to us that he had made extraordinary good time between Danville and that point, but not being satisfied what feats of flight a man in his circumstances might not accomplish when fear lent wings to his heels, we published the rumor without comment. Subsequently, by advices from Newbern, N. C., by way of Washington, we heard he was with Johnston's army, at Hillsboro', on the North Carolina Railroad, west of Raleigh, on or about the 13th. We credited this report at the time, and have now the means of knowing that it was correct, having just received through a trustworthy source authentic intelligence from that portion of North Carolina which throws light upon Davis's movements and explains why he was not intercepted by Stoneman, who, on the 12th took Salisbury, which is one hundred miles southwest of Hillsboro' by the line of the North Carolina Railroad.

Davis was at Hillsboro' from the 12th to the 14th inst. He then went by rail to Greensboro,' whence, with an escort of two thousand picked cavalry, selected from Hampton's and Wheeler's commands, he started on horseback for the far South, taking the country road due South to Ashboro' and Cheraw. By this route he left Salisbury and Stoneman forty miles to his right. From Cheraw he probably struck Southwest to Columbia, South Carolina, from which place the country was open before him until he reached the lines of Generals Canby and Wilson. His one object now is to escape to the Trans-Mississippi, and he cannot regard himself out of extreme danger until he has run the gauntlet of the United States armies now operating in Alabama. These two thousand horsemen form to-day a gloomy cavalcade as they toil along the Southern sandy roads under a Southern sun. Perhaps they are cheered by the feeling that they bear Cæsar and his fortunes; they certainly cover all that is left of the so-called Confederate government, and themselves compose the only organized force that Davis has on this side of the Mississippi river. Davis, Breckinridge, Trenholm, Benjamin, St. John and Reagan all ride in the centre of that forlorn band: and how many understrappers

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ABRAHAM LINCOLN IN INDEPENDENCE HALL.

WE reprint on this day the report of the speech of the late President Abraham Lincoln in Independence Hall, in this city, on February 22, 1861, Washington's Birthday, when he was on his route to Washington for the purpose of his Inauguration. It was his first speech in Philadelphia, and the portions which we have italicized give evidence both that he looked forward to the probability of assassination, and that what he said or did, he was, God willing, "ready to die by."

"I am filled with deep emotion at finding myself standing here in the place where were collected together the wisdom, the patriotism, the devotion to principle, from which sprung the institutions under

gold and half a barrel of flour. For the week ending on the 14 h instant, over seventeen thousand ration tickets were issued by the relief committee, and it is said that the number of persons who now receive help in some form is almost equal to the entire original popula ion of the city.

The genuine Union men of the city have suffered peculiar hardships under the Davis rule. Scores of them have lived in cellars and other out-of-the-way places, in order to escape the conscription—being surreptitiously supplied with provisions by their friends. These men are now coming out into the light, and seem, in their relief from restraint and anxiety, to have stepped into a new life. You can imagine that they are anything else than advocates of mercy to the rebel leaders; they want justice, stern, scathing and inexorable. These are the men we must consult in the work of rehabilitating the South; they must never again be handed over to the "tender mercies" of the aristocratic classes, of whom ex-Judge John A. Campbell is a representative. This man Campbell, by the way, is an unmitigated traitor, and it is fortunate that the lamented President discovered his duplicity in time.

I have it from one who was told by Mr. Lincoln himself, that the report made by Campbell to the Southern people of the incidents of the Hampton Roads conference, and especially as to the expressions of the President, was false from beginning to end—the facts being obviously perverted for the purpose of inflaming the Southern mind afresh. Yet this man had the impudence to tell Mr. Lincoln, recently, that he must take into his counsels Virginians like himself, if he desired to succeed in the work of "reconstruction"! He did not deceive the good and true man who now lies cold in death; and if there is any justice in the land, he will yet suffer the penalty due his treason and unscrupulous falsehood.

Gen. Lee is living in seclusion, and no one seems to know anything as to his purposes. He is popular with the people, and the rebel soldiery especially hold him in the very highest esteem, considering him the greatest captain of the age. It is difficult to see, however, wherein his generalship has consisted; hardly any general could have failed to do all that Lee has done, behind the unequalled defences of Richmond and Petersburg. Outside of these defences, in every aggressive movement he ever made, disaster was always his lot. Some of our officers here, when the rebel General returned to the city, were at some pains to doff their hats as he walked the streets, out of respect, as they said, to his genius; but the number of these flunkeys is not great, and it is to be hoped the breed will soon become altogether extinct. Gen. Lee is a traitor without cause or excuse, and any man who goes out of his way to pay him deference, does both a foolish and a wicked thing.

I was privileged to listen this morning to a discussion, in front of the Spottswood House, which illustrated in a striking manner the "march of opinion." Four years ago it would have been unsafe to preach abolition doctrine right in the heart of Richmond, but that was the doctrine I heard proclaimed to-day in presence of a delighted audience. It came about in this way: A civilian visitor, getting into conversation with a young Southerner, uttered some remark in favor of the negro. It was resented by the stripling, who carried a nimble tongue, whereupon the other declared with emphasis that the loyal blacks were "better men than white traitors, any day." The youth, flushing up, said he wouldn't submit to such language; it was ungenerous to insult men who acknowledged themselves beaten. "But I tell you," said the other, "you shall submit to it; I've come down here for the express purpose of saying in Richmond what I have always been free to say in New York. You *are* worse than your slaves; you are even worse than the savages of Middle Africa, and I'll *prove* it. These savages are fond of making trinkets from the bones of their dead victims. So are you. Didn't you roast the flesh from the bones of our dead soldiers at Bull Run to make finger rings and parlor ornaments for your Jezebels? The savages of Africa have a fondness for drinking from the skulls of those they have slain in battle, or slaughtered for their feasts. Haven't you done the same thing? In Central Africa the negroes divide themselves into small tribes, each warring against the other, and each boasting an absolute sovereignty. Haven't you been trying to cut up the Union into petty sovereignties, each State striving for an exclusive dominion? Don't you aim, just as the savages of Africa do, to put the weak under the feet of the strong; don't you oppress the defenceless; haven't you starved our prisoners and murdered in cold blood women and children for no other cause than loyalty? Cannibals of Ethiopia are shrouded in ignorance, but *you* have sinned in the face of light and be human, just because slavery, your nursing mother, was born in the lap of the devil, and feeds her children on hell-broth!"

That was strong talk for Richmond, but it was listened to by a sidewalk audience of two or three hundred persons—soldiers and others—and was actually applauded. The young Southron stamped, raved and swore, but it was of no use; his tormentor was pitiless, and when the crowd opened to let the victim pass, he shot away as if a forty-pound ball was at his back! It will take some time for this dose, administered by a Northern "fanatic," to accomplish a perfect digestion.

The negroes here appear to appreciate their suddenly-acquired freedom, and will show themselves able to take care of their own future, if afforded proper opportunities for intellectual improvement. The more intelligent among them represent that after the bill providing for placing blacks in the army had passed the rebel Congress, a secret league was formed among them, with the understanding that, if forced into the service, they would acquaint themselves with the use of arms, and then go over, as opportunity offered, to the Federals, whom they were sworn, in any case, never to harm.

The Thirteenth Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends will be held at Longwood (near Hamorton), Chester Co., Pa., commencing at 11 o'clock, a.m., on Fifth day (Thursday), the 8th of Sixth month (June), 1865, and continuing, probably, three days.

To this meeting, as usual, are invited all persons who feel attracted to a Religious Society which sets up no theological condition of membership, and neither demands nor expects uniformity of doctrinal belief; which has no ritual, discipline, or priesthood; which recognizes a Divine revelation in the unperverted instincts of the human soul, and the duty of every one to keep his mind and heart open at all times to receive the truth and follow its guidance; and which finds its bond of union in a common recognition of the brotherhood of the human race, and a common desire and purpose to labor diligently for the uprooting of every system of injustice, fraud and oppression, and the upholding of the kingdom of righteousness and peace throughout the world.

The wonderful history of our beloved country during the past year, as seen in the complete overthrow of the rebellion, the sentence of utter extermination pronounced against Slavery by the Government and the People, the dawn of peace after four years of retributive and bloody war, and the prospect of a speedy reunion of the States upon the principles enunciated by our fathers in the Declaration of Independence, will furnish cause for grateful exultation, and at the same time afford encouragement to do our share in the work of national reconstruction and regeneration.

Oliver Johnson,	Rachel Wilson,
Annie M. Stambach,	Eusebius Barnard,
Benjamin C. Bacon,	Mary Ann Fulton,
Susanna P. Chambers,	Alfred H. Love,
Theodore Tilton,	Lucretia Naylor,
Annie F. Kent,	J. William Cox,
Carroll Dunham,	Jennie K. Smith,
Anna E. Dickinson,	William Lloyd.

Among those whose presence is confidently anticipated are George Thompson of England, William Lloyd Garrison and Aaron M Powell.

Friends of Human Progress—The Yearly Meeting of the Friends of Human Progress will be held at the usual place near Waterloo, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, 2d, 3d and 4th days of June next.

As on previous occasions we extend our invitations broadly—to all who are in the fellowship of Truth, and all who seek to know this possession, to come and join with us in our annual convocation.

The genuine communions are of the spirit and baptisms of strength and quickening come from the mingling of heart with heart and soul with soul in devotion to the great purposes of living. Let us unite that we may encourage and incite each other and gather reenforcements in vigor and resolve.

Charles D. B. Mills, Frederick Douglass, Aaron M. Powell, Giles B. Stebbins, Geo. W. Taylor, and other gifted speakers from abroad, will be present to participate, and lend interest to the occasion.

Communications for the meeting should be addressed to Phebe B. Dean, Waterloo, N. Y.

Phebe B. Dean,	Amy Post,
Israel Lisk,	Henry Bonnel,
Stephen Shear,	Hugh D. Thorn,
Mary Doty,	William Barnes,

Committee of Arrangements.

Waterloo, N. Y., April, 1865.

A Stated Meeting of the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society will be held at 727 Filbert st., Fifth day afternoon, the 11th inst., at 4 o'clock.

G. M. S. P. Jones, Sec.

The Anniversary Exhibition of the Pupils of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb will take place at the Cooper Institute on Thursday evening next.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1865.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The Thirty-second Annual Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society will be held in the City of New York, at the Church of the Puritans, on Union Square, on Tuesday, May 9th, at 10 o'clock, a.m.

The Executive Committee urge upon all the members of the Society a prompt attendance at this meeting. The questions to come before it are of the greatest importance. Some members of the Committee propose, in view of the almost certain ratification of the Anti-Slavery Amendment of the United States Constitution, to dissolve the Society at this Annual Meeting; while others would postpone such dissolution until the ratification of that Amendment is officially proclaimed; and others still advocate continuing the Society's existence until all the civil rights of the negro are secured.

Beside this, whichever of these views receive the sanction of the Society, there is the further question whether the Standard shall be continued.

On these and other accounts our deliberations will be most interesting and important, and ought to assemble all the members and earnest friends of the Society.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, President.

WENDELL PHILLIPS, CHARLES C. BURLEIGH, } Secretaries.

The speakers for the Anniversary on Tuesday morning will be Wendell Phillips, George Thompson, Mrs. Frances Watkins Harper, and Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

BUSINESS MEETINGS.

The Society will meet for business in the Lecture Room of the Church of the Puritans, on Tuesday afternoon, at 3½ o'clock; and perhaps, also, on Wednesday morning and afternoon.

Meetings for Abolitionists.—Three public meetings, to be held in this city next week, will be of special interest to Abolitionists, viz:

1. Anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society, Tuesday morning, 10 o'clock, at the Church of the Puritans. Speakers—Phillips, Thompson, Mrs. Harper and Garrison.

2. Anniversary of the American Freedmen's Aid Union at the Cooper Institute Tuesday evening. Speakers—Gov. Andrew of Boston, John Jay, Esq., of New York, Frederick Douglass, and Rev. Phillips Brooks of Philadelphia.

3. Lecture of Anna E. Dickinson at the Cooper Institute Wednesday evening. Subject: "Our Martyred President. He, being dead, yet speaketh."

The first two of these meetings will be free. Tickets for Miss Dickinson's lecture may be had beforehand at Miller and Mathews's bookstore, 757 Broadway, or at the door of the Cooper Institute Wednesday evening.

—So much for the public meetings. We add that the meetings of the American Anti Slavery Society for business will commence on Tuesday afternoon at 3½ o'clock, in the Lecture Room of the Church of the Puritans. These also are open to all who wish to attend, though of interest mainly to members of the Society.

THE END OF THE TWENTY-FIFTH VOLUME.

It is not often that Farewell has a joyous sound in the ears of him that utters it. Seldomer yet that the last time of the performance of a long-accustomed task is without a tinge of melancholy. For it is but rarely that a work undertaken is fully accomplished, and that he that takes leave of it can feel that nothing more remains for him to do in the particular field which he is leaving. It is the rare felicity of the Abolitionists of the American Anti-Slavery Society to see the end of their specific mission—to feel that the purpose for which they banded themselves together is accomplished. The American Anti-Slavery Society was formed thirty-two years ago for the object of procuring the Abolition of Chattel Slavery. That object is gained. The necessities of the nation have opened its eyes to the fact that it must die or put slavery to death. It has chosen the better part of self-preservation. Congress has proposed an Amendment to the Constitution abolishing Slavery and making it impossible within the National domain, and twenty-six States have either ratified it, or are so certain to do so that their action may be taken for granted and acted upon as an accomplished fact. As it is now certain that none of the rebel States will be restored excepting on the basis of the immortal Proclamation of the illustrious Lincoln, which put an end to all legal slavery within their borders more than two years ago, there can be no question that the Amendment will have the sanction of every State yet to act upon it, and scarcely a doubt that the three States as yet recusant will reconsider their action and make the ratification unanimous. Virtually, and for all practical purposes which could make an extensive association necessary, slavery has ceased to exist, and the formality of the announcement of the action of the States must very soon supervene. Slavery being at an end, Anti-Slavery and the Society which it has brought together end with it, of necessity. An Anti-Slavery Society with no Slavery to oppose is a solecism and an absurdity. Nay more, it is an impossibility. If a body of men choose to call themselves an Anti-Slavery Society after slavery has legally ceased to be, it is but a name to live that they can have, and their efforts to appear to be doing what has already been done can be only vain, impotent and ridiculous. They may call themselves an Anti-Slavery Society, but they are and can be, in the nature of things, nothing of the kind.

With the organization the organ by which it speaks ceases also. Our connection with the National Anti-Slavery Standard, therefore, will end with this number. The Standard has been in existence exactly a quarter of a century, of which period we have been a part of its staff, as Corresponding Editor and Correspondent, for twenty-one years. It has occupied much of our time and thoughts and been a main object of interest to us. That we have been always well advised or judicious in what we have done and written we will not affirm; but we can conscientiously declare that we have had but a single eye to our duty to the slaves in it all. It is not for us to speak of the good work which this paper has done in the due performance of its office. On that point let others speak. Setting aside ourself, few weekly journals have had a greater amount of talent engaged in their service. Messrs. N. P. Rogers, D. L. Child, S. H. Gay, Oliver Johnson, C. K. Whipple, James Russell Lowell, Mrs. Lydia Maria Child and Mrs. Chapman are among those who have at one time or another been editors or regular contributors. Besides these eminent names a score more, almost as well known, might be recited of persons whose occasional contributions, often frequent, have given strength and brilliancy to the columns of The Standard. We believe that there are not many weekly papers that have been more gladly welcomed and more highly valued for the variety, piquancy and peculiar interest of their contents, and that there are few of its readers that will not regret the discontinuance of its weekly visits. But the necessity of an Anti-Slavery paper has happily passed away with slavery itself. The existence of The Standard as an Anti-Slavery organ ends with slavery, by the very conditions of its being. Antagonism dies with the antagonist it lived only to oppose. To endeavor to survive that happy conclusion of the whole matter would be but to enter upon a condition of decrepitude, dotage and lingering decay, neither useful in life nor comely in death. These being our opinions, and the opinions of the majority of those who have been the most active and influential members of the American Anti-Slavery Society and the warmest supporters of The Standard, we shall withdraw from the Corresponding Editorship after this number, and decline any farther active coöperation with the Society. We know that it is competent for the majority of the persons to assemble in this city next week to vote that the Society and The Standard shall continue in existence. But there are some things beyond the omnipotence even of majorities. Unanimity itself could not make an *Anti-Slavery* Society and an *Anti-Slavery* organ a possibility after there is no *Slavery* to oppose. And if the very same persons change the object and name of the Society and organ to something else, their essential character is changed, of necessity. Such a change, in this case, would be the dissolution of the Society and the discontinuance of The Standard.

We are perfectly aware that the duty of the Abolitionists to aim at the elevation of the character and condition of the people of color, "so that they may, according to their intellectual and moral worth, share an equality with the whites of civil and religious privileges," was made one of the articles of the Constitution. And we hold that this duty remains as imperative as ever it was on all members of the Society. But to suppose that the founders of the Society intended that, after its main objects—viz. the abolition of the domestic slave trade, of slavery in the District and the Territories, of the prohibition of new slave States, and above all the abolition of slavery itself, by a change of the Constitution—that after these objects were accomplished the Society was to remain in existence as an Anti-Slavery Society, for the furtherance of these incidental reforms, is to attribute a degree of sectarian fatuity to them that those clear-sighted and eminently practical men do not deserve. That article was a mere assertion of an incidental duty, connected necessarily with the discharge of the main duty of the Society, and a duty which has been most faithfully and effectively performed. The duty is as imperatively binding now as then. More so, indeed, for its performance is more and more plainly essential to the future safety and well-being, not merely of the black race but of the white as well. There is no question whatever as to the duty of Abolitionists to be diligent in the business of securing their rights to the colored race, North and South. But it is no longer a speciality of the Abolitionists, as it was in 1833 and for long years afterwards. It has outstripped the speed and overpassed the limits of the Anti-Slavery Movement, proper. They who think that the American Anti-Slavery Society should not continue its organic existence, merely as a Freedmen's Aid Society, after Slavery is abolished, are of that opinion not because they would not have the rights of the colored man maintained, but because they think that such action would be a hindrance rather than a help to that end. The Freedmen's Aid Associations, having for their object the elevation of the black race politically as well as morally and in material prosperity, are gaining vast dimensions. Of necessity, they must throw the American Anti-Slavery Society into the shade and dwarf all its operations by the extent and magnitude of their own. They are destined to become great political as well as philanthropic forces, and we think all the friends of the black man would do better to unite themselves to this great body than to keep themselves separate in a way which must make their best efforts comparatively unimportant and inoperative. Call themselves by what name they will, they can be nothing hereafter but a Freedmen's Aid Society, and an obscure and insignificant one. We do not think this a dignified ending of so glorious a Society, nor the best disposition of the energies and means of its members. But of that they will judge and decide for themselves.

But we have wandered from what we meant to say when we began. Our long habit of speaking at the moment to the topic of the moment has drawn us away from the retrospect of the long procession of events which has passed before us during the years that we have occupied this post of observation which we had proposed to ourselves. But this all our readers are as competent to make as we are ourselves. They all know the immense, the incredible, change in public sentiment which has taken place within the last quarter of a century, and which has culminated in [illegible] throughout the land. And they know, too, the share which the Anti-Slavery Movement has had in bringing about this sublime result. It has cost many years and many lives, but they have been gladly bestowed and abundantly rewarded, as well in the toil as in the harvest. For our humble portion in that work we are devoutly grateful to Heaven as a chief blessing and happiness of our life. For all our short-comings and failures we entreat the kind consideration of our friendly readers. For all their kindness and indulgence towards us we return them our hearty thanks. But neither our work nor theirs is done, and we may hope to meet in other fields of labor. We do not part as if we were never to meet again. The scourge and the fetter are broken, but the wounds they have left behind are to be healed, and their scars removed from the souls as well as the bodies of the Freedmen. They are to be helped to rise to the dignity of Freemen, of "Men, high-minded Men," such as only constitute a true State, and to be rehabilitated in all their natural, political and social rights. The platform of this Movement is the whole country, and its agencies all the political, ecclesiastical and social influences of American society. In this field we shall soon meet our life-long fellow-laborers and till then we bid them heartily farewell.

E. Q.

The Resident Editor, while heartily concurring in the views of his colleague as above expressed, will, for obvious reasons, remain at his post until after the Annual Meeting. If the Society shall vote to dissolve itself and discontinue its organ, it will still be necessary to issue at least two numbers more of the paper in order to complete the records of the Anniversary and make the needful explanations to the subscribers. If, on the other hand, those who hold that the Standard, during the past year, has been a "bitter partisan" of the Administration, and therefore "a fraud and disgrace upon the Society," shall prove to be a majority, a little time may be necessary to make the arrangements which a change in the character of the paper will require. In these circumstances it is manifestly the duty of the Resident Editor to remain at his post until the pending questions are determined.

It may be well to say to those of our readers whose terms of subscription have not expired, and who have paid in advance for papers not yet printed, that the Society, if it shall disband, will of course either return their money or give them an equivalent in some other paper—perhaps in the *Liberator*, or it may be in the new paper, the *Nation*, about to be started in this city by the National Freedmen's Aid Union, to be edited by Wendell Phillips Garrison, and to have the aid of Edmund Quincy, John G. Whittier, Mrs. Child and other eminent anti-slavery writers.

O. J.

The Way to Spike the Abolition Gun!—The New York *Herald* never leads but only follows public opinion upon all questions relating to slavery and the negro. It came out for the Anti-Slavery Prohibitory Amendment to the Constitution just as soon as it became clear that it would be carried; and now it is out flat-footed for Negro Suffrage—a pretty sure sign that the measure will soon be adopted. We quote from the *Herald* of Tuesday:

"But there is another matter upon which President Johnson seems to be hesitating, and where he need not hesitate at all. We refer to the question of negro suffrage. The exclusion of free negroes from the right of suffrage is a necessity of negro slavery, but where slavery does not exist there is no such necessity. Give the emancipated negroes of the rebel States, then, in the reconstruction of those States, the right to vote along with the whites. There need be no fear that this concession will lead to negro social equality. Negroes vote in New York, and yet in New York there is no approach to negro social equality. Society will take care of itself in this matter, as it does in everything else affecting its peace and harmony. On the other hand the concession of negro suffrage in the reconstruction of the insurgent States will effectually spike the last gun of Northern Abolitionists, and will expel or neutralize the fire-eating political elements of the South for all time to come. Indeed, nothing half so effective could be employed as negro suffrage to weed out the intractable secessionists from the Southern States. Put them to that test of loyalty, and there will be no necessity for notices to quit or oaths of allegiance; but, best of all, the political agitation of the negro question, in every shape and form, will be ended, North and South."

This mode of "spiking the guns of the Abolitionists" will afford *them* the highest satisfaction, and we will guarantee that it will prove effectual. Let the Administration try it.

THE EXCURSION TO CHARLESTON.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

On Monday, the 10th inst., I sailed from New York for Charleston in the excursion steamer Oceanus, of the Neptune Steamship Co.'s line. Our party numbered about one hundred and eighty, representing the best intelligence, culture, and respectability of Brooklyn and New York. The day was slightly rainy, but quiet, and on the whole, auspicious. A more joyous company could scarcely have been assembled. The news of the surrender of Lee had just been received. Most hearty and enthusiastic congratulations passed from one to another that the monstrous slaveholders, rebellion had well nigh reached its end. Our outward voyage—sea sickness excepted—was a very pleasant one. The weather was remarkably favorable. The ocean pictures were varied, and much more beautiful than the best presentations by our artists. After we had been out one night there was a marked change in the condition of a considerable number of our party. That pest of voyaging—sea-sickness—would come, with its awful heaving, and subsequent most distressing all-goneness! Words can convey no adequate conception of it. It must be thoroughly experienced, as in my own case, to be duly appreciated.

Among the incidents of the trip was a pleasantly exciting porpoise race. A few of the passengers on the second day out had the satisfaction—rare in these days of petroleum—of seeing a whale. A very pleasing and interesting feature of the trip was a series of musical entertainments, with addresses, each evening, in the spacious state-room hall. A good band of music accompanied the excursion, there was an excellent piano on board, and also a distinguished vocalist, Wm. B. Bradbury, Esq. Among the speakers at these several meetings were Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, Rev. O. B. Frothingham, Hon. A. M. Wood, Mayor of Brooklyn, Rev. Mr. Putman, Rev. Mr. French, Edgar Ketchum, Esq., Rev. Mr. Gallagher, Dr. Joshua Leavitt, Col. Howard (in command of a colored regiment), Rev. Mr. Corning, C. A. Lewis, Esq., H. C. Bowen, Esq., Rev. Mr. Graves, and your correspondent. There was a hearty unanimity in condemnation of slavery, and a strong emphasis in favor of suffrage for the negro.

We arrived off Charleston harbor at half past three on the afternoon of Thursday, the 13th inst. On account of low tide we were obliged to remain outside the bar till six p. m. At that hour, having taken on board a trustworthy pilot, familiar with the harbor, we weighed anchor, and proceeded to the city. The spires of Charleston in the distance, Fort Sumter in the foreground, on the one side Fort Moultrie, on the other Forts Wagner and Gregg, awakened intense interest. All sea sickness disappeared. All were outside to gain a first view of these objects of historic interest. Wagner and Sumter were passed with uncovered heads.

It was our welcome mission to announce the joyful news in Charleston of Lee's surrender. As we passed one after another of the gunboats and monitors the welcome message was received with rapturous enthusiasm. The harbor and approach to the city has been so often described that I need not repeat it. The sunset occurred just as we were passing the Forts. It was of a most remarkable character. There had been a shower a short time previous. A few lingering clouds remained directly over and beyond the city. As the sun went down these clouds were most singularly and wonderfully illuminated, as if for that special occasion, representing distinctly the colors of our national emblem, the red, white and blue. We reached the wharf just after the twilight, too late to go ashore that evening. As we neared the wharf we were welcomed with hearty greeting. One voice, distinct from all the others shouted, "We welcome you to the friendly shores of South Carolina!" How strange that message sounded in our ears! Three short months before, in the same position, and how soon we should have been consigned to horrible imprisonment, or visited with instant death!

Our Committee of Arrangements reported at once to the General commanding, and shortly after a member of his staff came on board and welcomed us as guests to the city, proffering to us facilities for an excursion to various points of interest the next morning, and free transportation at the appointed hour to wit- [illegible] Fort Sumter.

At an early hour on the morning of the 14th we were astir to get the first daylight view of Charleston. In company with Mr. Cary of the Brooklyn *Union*, and another friend, I walked out upon Battery street where were some of the most princely, palatial residences—the former abodes of voluptuous luxury. How changed now! Scarcely a house that had not been visited by the unmerciful and destructive shells. There they stand mostly untenanted, dilapidated and in ruins, fit monuments of the wickedness and injustice of the lordly slaveholders who were their former occupants. The gardens and yards were filled with choicest shrubbery which the ravages of war had spared still to grow and bloom. Roses there were in great profusion, in full bloom, of the most beautiful varieties I have ever seen. The abundance of orange blossoms filled the air in their locality with a delightful perfume.

At ten o'clock a.m. we were summoned on board the steamer Golden Gate, kindly placed at our service, for Fort Sumter. Among the crowded steamers which were to convey eager visitors to the historic old Fort, none attracted more attention than the celebrated Planter, commanded by Capt. Robert Small. Of the original Charlestonians now left in this city he may very properly be regarded as *the* representative man. The gunboats, monitors and other government vessels in the harbor were gaily decorated for the occasion. The Fort in its present condition, its irregular outline, its indented and shattered sides, with many tons of broken shells and huge balls lying at its base, gives abundant evidence of the severity of the bombardment to which, on different occasions, it has been subjected. Shortly after our arrival the Arago party came, including, as you know, as orator of the occasion, Henry Ward Beecher, William Lloyd Garrison, George Thompson, Theodore Tilton, Senator Wilson, Gen. Anderson and others.

Within the limits which I propose for this letter I will not attempt to give the details of the ceremonies of the day, a pretty full account of which you will have published. Mr. Beecher spoke with great power and eloquence. His address was an able statement and a happy solution of our national problem. I could have wished from him a more emphatic expression, as in his Plymouth Church preaching, in behalf of the negro's rights as a citizen in the future administration of government in the rebellious districts. All the exercises were successfully carried out according to the programme of arrangements. It was an event so thrilling in interest, so full of historic significance, that it will not soon be forgotten by any who were present. At the conclusion of the ceremonies, after surveying in detail the Fort, we returned to Charleston, reaching there at about five p.m.

During the evening of the 14th, there was a brilliant display of fireworks from the vessels in the harbor in commemoration of the surrender of Lee. A banquet was given at the Charleston Hotel by Gen. Gillmore, at which addresses were made by Senator Wilson, Mr. Garrison, George Thompson, Theodore Tilton, Judge Holt and others. A ball was given by Gen. Hatch, which was largely attended. Not the least interesting feature of the evening was a reception given on board the Oceanus to Capt. Robert Small. He made an informal address, in relation to his life as a slave, his escape with the Planter, and the present condition of affairs in South Carolina, which very much interested all who listened to him. He distrusts all such pretended loyalists as Gov. Aiken, and (as I believe wisely) thinks the Federal cause likely to suffer at their hands. On Saturday I visited many points of interest, to speak in detail of which would make my letter too extended for your space. In its original structure Charleston was a better built city than I had anticipated. But it has suffered greatly from shells and fire, also from the necessities of the rebels, who have taken up the pavements to build and strengthen fortifications in the harbor.

I visited the headquarters of the slave-traders, where so many husbands and wives, parents and children, young men and beautiful maidens, have been sold as cattle, also the horrible jail where unwilling and disobedient slaves were sent for puniahment and torture. All is changed now, and may they never again be resurrected to their former diabolical uses. I visited also the ruins of Secession Hall, of the North Eastern Railroad Depot (where upwards of four hundred men, women and children, mostly slaves, were said to have been blown up, killed and buried in ruins by the fiendishness of one Maj. Pringle), the grave of Calhoun, the celebrated palmetto tree, enclosed by an iron fence on East Bay st., the deserted newspaper offices, banks, post-office building, churches, etc., etc. All have felt severely the heavy, punishing hand of war.

The distinguishing event of the day was a mass meeting of the freed people called by Gen. Saxton, and held upon Citadel Square and in Zion Church. Fully ten thousand were assembled. They were of all ages, and all shades of complexion. Notwithstanding all they have suffered, and their present privations which are many, joy and thanksgiving seemed universal among them in their newly-acquired freedom.

Mr. Garrison met from them a most hearty, touching and enthusiastic reception. I felt it a rich compensation for the sea-sickness of the voyage, and for arduous anti-slavery labor in past years, to witness his advent in that hitherto most oppressive of Southern cities, and the heartfelt greeting extended to him by the assembled thousands of those for whom his life has been so nobly consecrated.

Some artist equal to the task should have been present to reproduce, as a contribution to the historic pictures of this country, that first meeting, in the stronghold of slavery and home of the rebellion, of the Liberator and the liberated!

In Zion Church, where the main meeting was held, Mr. Garrison was presented with two very beautiful bouquets from the hands of two daughters of Samuel Dickerson, accompanied by an address of welcome from the father, which surprised, astonished and deeply moved every Northerner who listened to it. It was eloquent, pathetic, clear and accurate, and would have honored any head and heart. The father and daughters were slaves until recently, had been sold asunder, but reunited by the fortunes of the war. Mr. Garrison's response was very happy, in which he addressed to the freed people words of timely and most excellent counsel as to their duties as free men and women, industry, education, sobriety, and after alluding to his labors in the past, assured them that he should still continue to urge for them all that he would claim for white men.

Senator Wilson, Judge Kelley, George Thompson and Theodore Tilton followed with addresses which I cannot in this letter attempt to sketch, but which I wish could be published in full and read throughout the country. They were eloquent, well-timed, recognized fully the claims of the negro to enfranchisement, and could scarcely have been better appreciated in their special points of excellence by a Cooper Institute audience.

There is a better average intelligence among the former slaves, both of the city and from the plantations, than I expected to find. There is less with the latter, but in their case it is superior to such of the poor whites as I saw. While the meeting of which I have spoken was in progress, another outside of about three thousand children was addressed by Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, of Brooklyn, and still another, immense in numbers, upon Citadel Square, was addressed by Maj. M. R. Delany, a Senator from Michigan, Joseph Hoxie, Esq., of New York, and others. At the conclusion of the ceremonies a large procession was formed and paraded the streets.

But few of the whites, of whom we were told considerable numbers were in the city, showed themselves. Those whom we did meet expressed in their faces sullen contempt and hatred. The snake of secession, the evil genius of slavery, is "scotched" but not killed.

During the afternoon of Saturday I went three miles out of the city to see about two thousand newly-arrived freed people, brought in from sixty miles in the interior by a raiding party of which Lieut. George Thompson Garrison was a member. These people are in a most destitute and forlorn condition as they arrive. They hastily leave everything to escape with our soldiers from the keeping of the murderous and exasperated secessionists of the interior. These people represent the reign of terror which prevails beyond the outer Federal military lines as horrible in the extreme. Their statements were confirmed by Lieut. Garrison and other officers with whom I conversed.

The guerillas prowl about among the negroes, shooting indiscriminately such as they may suspect of having a purpose to escape to the Yankees. With the main armies of the rebellion now broken, it will need an army of occupation for a considerable period to render it possible for the freed people (our only true friends, with few exceptions) to live in the neighborhood of the defeated and exasperated whites. Incendiary fires are frequent now in Charleston, lighted by men who have "taken the oath," but are no less rebels than before.

To the officers in command at Charleston we were under much obligation for kind attentions and courtesy, adding much to the enjoyment of our visit. There are some things, of which I would like to speak, of which I can make no note in this letter.

We left Charleston for Fortress Monroe at 9 a. m. on Sunday, the 16th inst. The day was bright and beautiful and the ocean as quiet as its constantly moving waters ever are. During the day, religious services were held on board, conducted in the morning by Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, in the afternoon by Rev. Mr. Gallagher. Our return trip, with less sea sickness, was without special incident, until as we neared Fortress Monroe we were overshadowed, and for the time overwhelmed, by the dark cloud of the nation's sorrow. From a pilot boat we received the message, "the President is dead," and at Fortress Monroe we learned the full details of the horrible tragedy. It was our expectation, with a permit from Mr. Stanton, to have visited Petersburg and Richmond, but it was decided to sail direct to New York. Sorrow prevailed universally at Fortress Monroe, but it was most touching to meet the poor negroes who grieved and wept for one whom they regarded as a special protector and friend. On the following day, at the hour appointed for the obsequies at Washington, a meeting was held on board the Oceanus with appropriate commemorative addresses. The weather was unusually fine, and the ocean calm and beautiful as we had not seen it before.

A business meeting was held, at which our party was resolved into a permanent organization to be known as the "Sumter Club." A committee was also appointed to prepare and publish a memorial volume of the trip. Resolutions acknowledging our indebtedness to the officers in command at Charleston, to Capt. Young and his associates of the Oceanus, and to Messrs. S. M. Griswold, Edwin A. Studwell and Edward Carey, our excellent committee of arrangements, were unanimously adopted. To this committee much credit is due for projecting the excursion, and for the very efficient manner in which it was conducted throughout. We reached New York at four p. m. on the 20th inst, to find the city we left ten days previous in the midst of most enthusiastic rejoicing, literally shrouded with emblems of mourning.

The martyr President is immortal in history. If a sterner hand is now at the helm it will better meet the exigencies of this reconstruction period. I left Charleston with the conviction more deeply impressed upon my mind that our impending danger was from a mistaken leniency which would not prove to be kindness but cruelty. The assassination should serve to make this impression general. It symbolizes the spirit of the disappointed, defeated slaveholders. Their hearts are full of murder.

The negroes should have employment, education, enfranchisement. Every Confederate soldier and avowed traitor should be disfranchised, the large landed estates confiscated and the negroes and soldiers allowed to preëmpt therefrom homesteads. Thus with a period of territorial rule, wisely advocated by Mr. Sumner, loyal, stable government may take root and grow. Welcome are these days of returning quiet, if only through justice, righteousness and impartial freedom they may be made fruitful in a true and perfect peace.

Very truly your friend, Aaron M. Powell.

Brooklyn, N. Y, April 25, 1865.

American Freedmen's Aid Union.—The first anniversary of this association will be held at Cooper Institute on Tuesday evening, May 9, at half-past seven o'clock. The President, Judge Hugh L. Bond, of Baltimore, will occupy the chair, and among the speakers engaged are Gov. Andrew, John Jay, Frederick Douglass, and Rev. Phillips Brooks. Delegations from the constituent Societies of Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburg, and (it is expected) New York, will attend the meeting, which promises to be one of the most interesting of the week. The scope of the Freedmen's movement, and the special design of forming the Union will doubtless be fully elucidated by the distinguished speakers above enumerated. We hope that all those whose sympathies have been enlisted in the cause of the enslaved will be present for a new baptism in the cause of the emancipated—which is nothing else than that of the Republic itself.

THE PORT SUMTER EXPEDITION.

LETTER FROM GEORGE THOMPSON.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

Dear Sir: At your request, I now furnish you with a brief outline of my trip, in company with our honored friend Mr. Garrison, to South Carolina, to witness the raising of the "Old Flag" upon the ruins of Fort Sumter.

The Arago was the good ship in which we sailed from New York on Saturday the 8th instant. We found on board five persons who were at Fort Sumter on the day when the United States flag was lowered to the slaveholding insurgents of the South. These were Major-General Robert Anderson, General Doubleday Colonel Norman L. Hall, Chaplain the Rev. Matthias Harris, and Sergeant Peter Hart. Amoogst the guests invited by the government were the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, the Rev. Dr. Storrs, Senator H. Wilson, Generals Dix and Delafield, Commodore Rowan, Judge Kelley, M.C., Judge Swayne, of the Supreme Court, Judge Advocate Holt, and many other distinguished personages. Never has it been my good fortune to travel with a party, the members of which were more congenial in their dispositions, more affable or amiable in their manners, or more solicitous to promote the enjoyment of their fellow-voyagers.

Sunday, the 9th, was a lovely day. The heavens were blue and cloudless, the sea calm and waveless; the air still and balmy; the climate warm and delicious. In the forenoon, the whole of the company assembled on the after-deck, under an awning, to listen to a discourse from the Rev. Dr. Storrs, who preached eloquently, from the text—"Surely the wrath of man shall praise thee; the remainder of wrath shalt thou restrain." In the evening, at six, we anchored for a short time off Fortress Monroe, and there received on board Generals H. D. [illegible] Assistant Adjutant General; General Fry, Provost Marshal General; Mr. Hooper, M.C., from Boston, and other gentlemen.

On Tuesday evening, the 11th, at 8 o'clock, we sighted the lights of Port Royal, and were alongside the pier at midnight. On Wednesday morning, the 12th, a part of our company proceeded on the Steamer Diamond to visit Beaufort. Mr. Garrison, Mr. Theodore Tilton, and myself, were amongst those who went in the steamer Delaware to the city of Savannah, Georgia. We landed about 2 o'clock, and remained till nearly six. Savannah wore the appearance of a ruined and deserted city. No ships lay at its wharves; no cotton filled its sheds and storehouses; the offices of the brokers and the principal stores were closed; a part of the town had been destroyed by fire, and most of the best houses were untenanted. Away from the business part of the city, we traversed some good streets and pleasant parks and squares. During our ramble we met but few persons who were not either Union soldiers, or persons like ourselves from the Northern States. The native Georgians regarded us with sullen indifference, or looks of hatred and contempt.

On the morning of Thursday the 13th, at the invitation of Lieutenant-Colonel Woodford, we attended a meeting of the freed population of the town of Mitchelville, in which a municipal government had been organized the day before. Mitchelville is about two miles from Port Royal, and is inhabited, exclusively, by recently emancipated blacks. The meeting was held in the Church. We were received by the newly elected Mayor, who is also the minister. The building was crowded to its utmost capacity. After singing and prayer, addresses were delivered by Mr. Garrison, Judge Kelley, Mr. Joseph Hoxie of New York, Judge Kellogg of Michigan, Mr. Tilton and myself. The proceedings were of the most interesting and enth

crowded with adults and the children of the Sabbath schools, brought together to hear addresses from William Lloyd Garrison, Theodore Tilton and George Thompson. At the close, three boys, who had been slaves, were introduced by Mr. James Redpath, the Government Superintendent of Schools in Charleston, for the purpose of presenting Mr. Garrison with three bound volumes containing the business correspondence, through a series of years, of a Charleston slave-dealer. These volumes Mr. Garrison has brought to Boston, and will doubtless make good use of their contents, to illustrate the nature of the infernal traffic to which they relate.

It being known that Mr. Garrison, Mr. Beecher, and their friends, would depart by the Delaware on Monday morning, the wharf at which that vessel lay was at an early hour crowded by blacks, anxious to say farewell to their benefactors. On the arrival of the party on the deck of the vessel, a noble-looking freed negro delivered an energetic address to Mr. Garrison—an address characterized not alone by extreme earnestness, but by great natural eloquence, and a remarkable command of language. Mr. Garrison responded in a brief but admirable speech—concluding by introducing his friend from England, who said a few parting words. Some appropriate sentences from Mr. Tilton terminated the proceedings, and the vessel glided into the harbor amidst the benedictions and acclamations of the most remarkable and significant assemblage upon which I have ever gazed. As the vessel left the wharf, the most conspicuous object was Samuel Dickinson, the black orator, upon his knees, upholding the Union Flag with his right arm, while his left encircled his two daughters—interesting girls of seven and nine years of age. Never can the scene be forgotten by any whose privilege it was to behold it.

We proceeded to Port Royal, and from thence ascended to Beaufort, where we spent the night.

On Tuesday, the 18th, we crossed to St. Helena Island, and were conveyed in carriages to Saxtonville, a settlement of Freedmen, about 8 miles in the interior. On our return to Beaufort we found a telegram from Gen. Gillmore, addressed to Senator Wilson, conveying the intelligence of the assassination of the President. This appalling information led to an immediate determination to return at once to New York. In two hours we were an board the Suwo-Nada, from which vessel we landed on Friday morning, the 21st inst.

Here is a naked record of our movements, and the principal occurrences attending them.

Yours truly, GEORGE THOMPSON.

Boston, April 24, 1865.

APPEAL TO ABOLITIONISTS.

PHILADELPHIA, April 18, 1865.

DEAR MR. JOHNSON: Your readers will remember the case of Captain Baylis, of whom I used to write in the ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD. He was the commander of a small craft called the *Keziah*, which sailed between Wilmington, Del., and Petersburg, Va. He was a man of kind heart; who hated slavery and loved to befriend the black man. He brought away many victims from the prison-house. On one occasion, having five of these helpless beings on board, he was overhauled, carried back to Petersburg, tried before the court and sentenced to *forty years imprisonment at hard labor!* Eight years on each of the five indictments! It will be seven years in June since this sentence was pronounced. What the poor man has endured during this period no one can understand. "I have suffered everything but death," he says in a letter which I received from him a few days ago. And his wife's sufferings, from anxiety, sympathy, poverty, have scarcely been less. Many a time has she come all the way from Wilmington to the Anti-Slavery Office that her breaking heart might be eased by words of hope and encouragement. "Don't despair," she used to be told, "your husband may yet be delivered." Of late the assurance has been more confident and hope-inspiring. "Keep a good heart. Bear up a little while longer; we shall take Richmond, and your husband will be restored to you."

These words have proved true. A few days ago, I received a letter from Capt. Baylis announcing that he was once more at liberty, and back again at his old home in Wilmington. Since then I have had a letter from his wife—Martha Baylis—in which she thus speaks:

"When they liberated my husband from the penitentiary they put him into Castle Thunder, without a blanket or anything to lie on but the bare floor, which was full of what they call greenbacks, and he says they had like to have eaten him up. They barely gave him food enough to sustain life, and they sent him home without money, and in fact almost without clothes. He was so very weak and looked so bad that his friends do not know him. He was taken sick the first of February. When he got home, the Doctor was sent for, who did the best he could for him. Now he is getting about, but is very weak yet. He thought he would try to get to work this week, but he found he could not stand it. He came home so sick, I am afraid he will never have his health again, and I cannot tell what it is best to do. They even whipped him while he was in prison. There is no one who can tell how he suffered in that place. I thank God that he was spared to get home to his friends.

"I did not know how to ask for help. If I could only get him in a little store; but I don't know how to get one. If you can give me any advice, please drop me a few lines, and you will oblige me very much. If my husband could come up to see you, I should like it. Mr. Still sent him ten dollars. You and he are the only ones that have offered him any help."

My object in repeating this story will easily be seen. It is to give to your readers—such of them as may be so disposed—an opportunity of relieving the necessities and promoting the comfort of this much injured and long-suffering couple. I am authorized to say that Thos. Garrett, of Wilmington, Del., will gladly receive, as he will faithfully appropriate, any and all monies that may be sent him for this purpose. Mrs. Baylis's expectations in this matter are not large. "Fifty or a hundred dollars," as she elsewhere expresses it, would be all they would look for.

If the amount sent to Friend Garrett should considerably exceed this, no harm would be done. The givers would not feel it, except as a pleasure, and the receivers would have some compensation for their long night of suffering. Truly yours,

J. M. MCKIM.

FEARS OF SOUTHERN LOYALISTS.—The earnest loyalists of North Carolina, and of other rebel States as well, are not a little anxious lest the Government at Washington, by a mistaken clemency to the leaders and promoters of the rebellion, shall put them (the loyalists) once more under the heel of their oppressors. Their fears find expression in the Raleigh *Progress* of April 20th, which says:

"We do not desire to dictate to Gen. Sherman, Gen. Grant, or the government at Washington, but we do most solemnly protest against those State officers who have tyrannized over us for the last two years. Give us a military government and protection at the polls until we can elect new civil officers, and we shall be satisfied; but if those who have heretofore enslaved us be allowed to remain over us, all our devotion to a Constitutional Union and all our sacrifices are in vain. Give us entire freedom through the constitutional mode of the ballot-box, or give us abject slavery. No more of Davis, no more of Vance. We speak not for ourselves, but for the people of North Carolina, and we appeal to the Union armies and the national authorities to save us."

The correspondent of the *Tribune* (our old friend Elias Smith), writing from Raleigh on the 28th ult. says:

"The great thing now to be guarded against is the attempt to restore the old Slavocratic and Rebel dynasty, which, I am sorry to say, is receiving the approval of men in high position, and some Generals, who are evidently anxious to lay an anchor to windward for the next Presidency. The *truly loyal* people protest against any such *selling* of them out by any set of men, civil or military. See Mr. Holden's masterly exposé in the *Standard* I send you. Let the Union people at the North, with the government, stand by the good and true men at the South, and all will go well."

Who are the "men in high position" and "some of the Generals" alluded to by the *Tribune* correspondent? We cannot say, but the statement of the Washington correspondent of the same paper, that "Gen. F. P. Blair was the only general officer who desired an adherence to Sherman's original terms of amnesty," is very suggestive in this connection. We trust the President will not be caught napping. The armies of the South were never half so dangerous as are now the plottings of ambitious and unscrupulous politicians.

TESTIMONY OF AN ENEMY.—The *Daily News*, the organ in this city of the Rebellion, acknowledges the "good conduct of the negro troops" in Richmond, in unequivocal language, as follows:

"The negro troops of the Federal forces in Richmond are spoken of by gentlemen of that city in terms of earnest praise. The deportment of these colored soldiers has been marked by delicate respect for the citizens of the fallen stronghold. So orderly were they in their conduct on entering the city, that they checked all disposition to license, and even stopped an attempt at general plunder on the part of the slave mob of the city. We feel it a duty of justice to the black soldiers of his command, and to Gen. Weitzel himself, to declare here that their conduct toward the people of Richmond was such as to have reflected credit not only on that officer, but on every colored man in his command."

Is it not about time for the *News* to confess the folly and absurdity as well as the wickedness of denying the rights of citizenship to men who thus exhibit the noblest qualities of a civilized and Christian manhood?

PERSONAL.

Gen. Banks assumed command of the Department of the Gulf on the 22d ult.

Marshal O. Roberts of this city has given $10,000 toward the fund of $100,000 proposed to be raised for the widow of the martyred President.

All the private and official papers of President Lincoln have been carefully collected, sealed up and forwarded to Judge Davis, of Bloomington, Illinois.

A sculptor of some notoriety and no excess of loyalty applied to Secretary Stanton for permission to take a cast of Booth's head. The blunt war minister replied: "Better take care of your own head."

Three mercantile firms in this city have contributed each the sum of $10,000 toward a fund of $1,000,000, to be offered as a reward for the capture of Jeff. Davis. It is a great deal of money to pay for so mean a man.

Gen. Grant's house, which the denizens of the City of Brotherly Love have presented to that officer, has been thoroughly furnished in the best manner and was to have been occupied for the first time by the General's family on Monday.

Rev. C. L. Brace, Secretary of the Children's Aid Society, has gone to London, to attend an International Convention of Reformatories, and to examine the institutions of charity and methods of reform of Great Britain, and all their movements affecting the condition of the lower class.

Andrew Jackson, Jr., died of lockjaw, occasioned by his accidentally shooting himself while hunting near the old Hermitage. He was a son of President Jackson's wife's brother, and a cousin to Andrew J. Donelson. He was 56 years old, and leaves a wife, daughter and one son, now a rebel prisoner. Another son was killed in the rebel service.

The Rev. John Todd, D.D., of Pittsfield, Mass., refused to read Gov. Andrew's Fast-day Proclamation to his congregation, because, as he said, it contained no allusion to our Savior! The Doctor, we presume, never reads the Lord's Prayer in his Church, as that is open to the same objection; and as a consistent man, he must also put the Ten Commandments under ban.

Mr. Wm. P. Powell, of this city, a well educated and very capable colored man, highly esteemed by all who know him, has been appointed Notary Public by Gov. Fenton. He has the honor of being the first man appointed by a Governor of New York to such an office, but he will not be the last. Gov. Fenton deserves credit for administering this rebuke to the hateful spirit of caste.

Miss Edmonia Lewis, the young colored sculptor, with whose name our readers are already familiar, intends, we are informed, to visit this city next week, with photographs of her principal works. The best-known of these are John Brown, a medallion, and Col. Robert G. Shaw, a bust. These and the others display great merit in the artist, and we trust both her pictures and her plaster will command a ready sale wherever exposed.

The Rev. J. T. Duryea, of the Dutch Reformed Church of this city, an out-and-out anti-slavery man, while journeying toward Niagara Falls, a few days since, had the misfortune to be taken by a passenger for the assassin Booth, on account of his strong resemblance to the published pictures of that bad man. On arriving at the Falls, he was followed to the hotel, and finally arrested. He was soon able, however, to establish his identity.

Gen. Hurlburt has assigned the "Soulé mansion," in New Orleans, to Mrs. Louise DeMortie, of Boston, for an Orphans' Home, if sustained without charge to the government. A fair for the benefit of orphans of freedmen has been projected by Mrs. DeM., which was to commence on May-day. All benevolent persons are asked to contribute. Among the committee of arrangements is Mrs. J. B. Roudanez, lady of the talented colored gentleman who, last Spring, was one of the guests at the complimentary dinner, at the Revere House, in honor of the loyal men of Louisiana.

The Charleston *Courier* of April 17 says, that while the printers in its office were putting Mr. Beecher's Fort Sumter speech in type they were visited by William Lloyd Garrison, who stepped up to a case and set the following paragraph:

"There is scarcely a man born in the South who has lifted his hand against this banner but had a father who would have died for it. Is memory dead? Is there no historic pride? Has a fatal fury struck blindness or hate into eyes that used to look kindly toward each other; that read the same Bible; that hung over the historic pages of our national glory; that studied the same Constitution?"

A characteristic act of kindness is told of Mr. Lincoln. After our troops had entered Charleston, he wrote a letter to the commanding officer there, directing him to inquire after the family of the late James L. Petigru, and to provide them with whatever they might need. He enclosed fifty dollars as a personal contribution toward their wants, if they should be in a condition to require it. Special instructions were also given to secure them full protection and the quiet occupation of their home. Mr. Petigru had lost everything by his devotion to the Union. A considerable sum of money has lately been raised in New York and Boston for the relief of his destitute family.

The arrangements for the erection of a monument to Mr. Lincoln in this city are progressing most satisfactorily. Money is being subscribed freely in all quarters. Many public institutions, associations, lodges and corporate bodies are making collections, and subscription lists are very generally circulated throughout the different offices, hotels and other places of frequent resort. It is probable that the sum of fifty thousand dollars will be raised in a very short time, so universal is the desire of all classes to unite in this well-deserved tribute to a good and just man. It is in contemplation to erect a bronze statue of Mr. Lincoln on the south-west corner of Union square, opposite the equestrian statue of Washington, for which it will be a most appropriate companion.

President Johnson's daughter, Mrs. Stover, who is to preside over the affairs at the White House, in consequence of the ill-health and advanced years of Mrs Johnson, is a widow. This lady's late husband, Col. Stover, of the 4th Tennessee volunteers, was killed on the 18th day of December last, while gallantly leading his regiment at the battle of Nashville. Andrew Johnson's son, Dr. Charles Johnson, was a surgeon in the volunteer service. He was suddenly killed in 1863, by being thrown from his horse. The President has now four children living, namely, Robert, Mrs. Patterson, Mrs. Stover, the lady above mentioned, and Andrew Johnson, junior, the latter a bright youth, of nearly the same age as the youngest boy of our late lamented President, Abraham Lincoln.

Charles Lanman, compiler of the "Dictionary of Congress," when he commenced his labors upon that work, sent to all the ex members whose residences were known to him a circular, asking each one for information as to the date and place of his birth, the character of his education, his profession or occupation, and a list of any public positions he might have filled. Looking over, since the late terrible tragedy, the answers to this circular, he found the following modest record in the handwriting of Abraham Lincoln. It is a valuable autograph.

Born February 12, 1809, in Hardin County, Kentucky.
Education defective.
Profession, a lawyer.
Have been a Captain of volunteers in the Black Hawk war.
Postmaster at a very small office.
Four times a member of the Illinois Legislature.
And was a member of the lower House of Congress.
Yours, etc., A. LINCOLN.

The Chicago *Tribune* learns that it is the purpose of Mrs. Lincoln to make that city her future home. More than a year ago the deceased President declared to some of his intimate personal friends in Chicago that after he had laid aside the cares of his great office and retired to private life, it was his intention to spend the remainder of his days there. The *Tribune* adds:

"He had commissioned one of our citizens to look about the city, and before the close of his present term of office, to secure the refusal of a comfortable residence on some pleasant and suitable street. He felt a warm attachment for the people of Chicago, for what they had done for him before he became President, and for their unwavering and powerful support through the dark days of his first term. If the matter had been left to the first choice of the stricken widow of the fallen chief, she would have directed that his ashes should repose on old Michigan's shore near those of his great compeer and friend, Stephen A. Douglas. There would be a manifest fitness of things in placing the mortal remains of those great sons of Illinois side by side. But the strenuous desires of Springfield friends of the President prevailed in selecting the place of interment. The sudden death of the President prevented him from expressing any opinion or preference in relation to a choice of cemetery."

*NEW EDITION OF WEBSTER'S DICTIONARY.**

THIRTY-FIVE years have elapsed since Dr. Webster first gave his great work to the world. It was the fruit of long and patient research and toil. Johnson's Dictionary, which had been in use for seventy years, had undergone but slight improvement during that whole period; and some estimate of the extent and importance of Dr. Webster's labors may be formed from the fact that his work contained twelve thousand words and between thirty and forty thousand definitions not found in Johnson's or any other English Dictionary. It is hardly too much to say that it was a *new work*, and men best qualified to judge, both in this country and in Europe, have declared that his improvements upon Johnson—aside from all disputed points in orthography—were greater than Johnson himself made on those who preceded him.

Dr. Webster lived to publish a revised edition of his work in 1840-41. After his death, in 1843, his son-in-law, Prof. Goodrich, devoted two or three years, with the aid of accomplished assistants, to the revision and preparation of a new edition, which was published in 1847. After this Prof. Goodrich became the permanent editor of the work. He devoted himself to the task for twelve or thirteen years, but died in 1860, and the materials which he had collected were by other hands used in the preparation of a new edition, published in 1859, and known as the "Pictorial Edition." The additions consisted of an Appendix of between nine and ten thousand new words and meanings; an elaborate treatise on English Synonyms, which Dr. Goodrich had designed to publish as a separate work; eighty pages of Pictorial Illustrations, over fifteen hundred in number; and several valuable Explanatory and Pronouncing Tables and Vocabularies.

The English language, however, is not stationary, but progressive. Old words become obsolete; new thoughts require new words, or invest old ones with new meanings; new discoveries and investigations necessitate new names; improvements in art and science demand new terms and appellations; and as the philosophy of language comes to be better understood, changes, of greater or less importance, are required in the definitions of many words. A dictionary of the language, therefore, to serve its most important uses, requires occasional revision and modification; and the present edition of Webster has accordingly been thoroughly revised in all its departments by some of the most competent scholars in Europe and America, under the general supervision, first, of the late Dr. Goodrich, and, since his death, of the Rev. Dr. Porter. The Etymology was revised by Dr. C. A. F. Mahn, of Berlin—favorably known by his special researches in this department—who spent five years upon the task. The definitions, in which lay the great strength of Webster, have been revised by eminent gentlemen, each laboring in the department for which he was specially qualified. Prof. William D. Whitney and Daniel C. Gilman have labored at the definitions of the principal words, recasting, rearranging and condensing them, according to the principles sanctioned by Webster. Prof. Lyman has given his attention to the terms in Mathematics, Physics, Technology and Machinery. Prof. Craighill of West Point has given like attention to terms in Military Science, Engineering, etc. Prof. Dana, assisted by Dr. W. C. Minor, was employed in the Department of Geology and Natural History. The terms pertaining to Musical Science and Art were chiefly prepared or revised by Lowell Mason and John S. Dwight. In Physiological and Medical Science, Prof. R. C. Stiles, M.D., furnished many carefully considered definitions and emendations. The Hon. J. C. Perkins of Salem, Mass., with great labor and care, revised the terms of Law and Jurisprudence. E. B. O'Callaghan, S.J., revised the definitions of such terms as have a special meaning in the Catholic Church. The Rev. Chauncey Goodrich revised or prepared many of the definitions in Agriculture and Horticulture, in Antiquities and Architecture, in Biblical matters and Ecclesiastical History, in Commerce, Domestic Economy, and the Fine Arts, making use of the best authorities in these departments. Webster's has been long accounted by scholars—even those who condemned his spelling of certain classes of words—the best *defining* Dictionary in the English language. The improvements in the present edition must raise it still higher in the popular esteem.

The edition of 1859 contained 99,798 words; the present contains upwards of 114,000. It must not be supposed that the 15,000 new words have been added capriciously, or from a desire to swell the list to the greatest possible number. "Words," says the editor, "which were the offspring of the individual conceit of a whimsical or lawless writer, which did not conform to the analogies of the language, and which were never accepted or approved by good writers, of their own or a subsequent generation, have not been admitted. On the other hand, new words which have been acknowledged and approved as good have been carefully garnered, whether used by old authors or new. A great number of obsolete or obsolescent words, which were once accepted and freely used, have been recovered by the readings and researches that were directed in part to this end."

The collection of Synonyms, prepared by Dr. Goodrich, and published in the Appendix of the former edition, have been incorporated in the body of this, for greater facility of reference.

"In the department of Orthography," the editor informs us, "no change has been made in the principles set forth in the revised edition of 1847. In a few classes of words the Dictionary recommends and follows the peculiar modes of spelling which Dr. Webster introduced for the sake of carrying out the acknowledged analogies of the language—modes of spelling which, in every instance, had been previously suggested by distinguished English grammarians and writers on orthography, such as Lowth, Walker, etc., and the propriety of which has been recognized by Smart and other recent English lexicographers. But to remove every reasonable ground of complaint against the Dictionary in regard to this matter, an alternative orthography is now given in almost every case, the old style of spelling being subjoined to the reformed or new. In two or three instances it has been found that the forms introduced by Dr. Webster, or to which he lent his sanction, were based upon a mistaken etymology; and therefore these forms have been set aside, and the old spelling has been restored." This edition, moreover, contains "A List of Words Spelled in Two or More Ways," which will be found very convenient.

The Vocabularies of "Scripture Proper Names," "Greek and Latin Proper Names," "Modern Geographical Names," "Common English Christian Names," etc., have been re-edited, or expressly prepared for this edition by able scholars. One of these Vocabularies is entirely new, viz.: the "Vocabulary of the Names of Noted Fictitious Persons, Places," etc., and will meet a want long felt. It has been specially commended by Everett, Hawthorne, Holmes, Longfellow, Emerson, Lowell, Whittier, Wendell Phillips and other eminent scholars.

The Pictorial Illustrations are over 3,000 in number, and give much information in regard to the objects to which they relate. Most of them are incorporated in the body of the work, each in connection with the word to which it specially pertains; but these, together with many others, which, from their larger size, or for other reasons, could not so well be given in the body of the work, are grouped together in classes at the end of the volume, under appropriate headings—for example, Anatomy, Architecture, Botany, Heraldry, Ornithology, Quadrupeds, Mechanics, etc.

Prof. Russel of Lancaster, Mass., bears the following testimony to the value of this new edition of Webster:

"The immense and invaluable additions to the original excellence of this Dictionary, the careful retrenchment of whatever errors had been chargeable in former editions, and the just and liberal course adopted in presenting a *conspectus* of all words on which eminent authorities bespeak a divided usage, whether in orthography or orthoepy; these, together with the unsurpassed accuracy and fullness of the definitions, appended to all important terms, in whatever department of knowledge, besides the strict scrutiny to which the whole department of etymology has been subjected—render this new edition the noblest contribution to science, to literature, and to education as dependent on an adequate knowledge of the English language, that the combined labors of editors and publishers have yet produced."

*An AMERICAN DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. By NOAH WEBSTER, L.L.D. Thoroughly Revised, and Greatly Enlarged and Improved, by CHAUNCEY A. GOODRICH, D.D., LL.D., late Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory, and also Professor of the Pastoral Charge in Yale College, and NOAH PORTER, D.D., Clark Professor of Moral Philosophy and Metaphysics in Yale College, Springfield, Mass.: G. & C. Merriam, 1864.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, April 30, 1865.

THE new President is now acquainted with the duties of his position and begins to take a leisurely survey of the country and its wants. His first speeches were called suddenly from him, under the excitement of the moment, and it will be generally supposed that they are not to bind him to a particular policy in the future. But Mr. Johnson is a veteran politician, and he took his place without trepidation. What he said the Thursday after he became President he meant for his administration, so far as general principles are concerned. I have watched Mr. Johnson very closely since he became President, reading his speeches, and hearing many of them from his lips. I have noted also some of his frank assertions to his friends here, and have come to the conclusion that he will make not only a good ruler, but a very popular one. He is not a reckless man, is not harsh in his judgments, but he will do what he believes to be right, whatever the consequences may be. He will not err upon the side of a weak sentimentalism, but will execute his plans to their legitimate completion. In speaking to a friend yesterday upon the prospect of peace, Mr. Johnson said: "People seem to be afraid that I shall be too severe. I am not naturally harsh. I shall try hard to ascertain what is best for my country, and if I can find the truth I will follow it, having no reference whatever to my personal feelings." I have no doubt he will. He is a man of strong intellect, and is not lacking in heart. Mr. Lincoln's tenderness was sometimes a weakness. He could not execute justice in the land without costing him personal suffering. Having this womanly tenderness, he was sometimes practised upon by scoundrels, who represented themselves to be vigorous Republicans, but who in point of fact were anything for the sake of making money. Mr. Johnson, it is to be hoped, will keep such men at a distance. He can do so if he will begin right. Upon the slavery question *I know* he is right. We can trust him to defend the rights of the colored people of the South a great deal better than we can the people of the States of the North with the rights of the same class of people there. When Pennsylvania, Ohio and Illinois—governed by the Republicans—do justice to the black men, it may be time to concern ourselves with Mr. Johnson's views; but for the present I am contented with the firm conviction that Mr. Johnson entertains no prejudice against the negro, and is determined that every slave in the country shall be emancipated. He is in advance of the average *Republicanism* of the Middle States upon the question of slavery. He has not committed himself on the subject of negro-suffrage, and it is not necessary that he should, but he has repeatedly declared that if Union and Emancipation could not be rendered secure without putting a vote into the hands of every colored man in the South, then he was in favor of extending the franchise to them.

I have seen men who were with Mr. Johnson in Tennessee, and they assert that he was as strong an Abolitionist as Garrison or Phillips. The colored people looked upon him as their deliverer and defender.

The best speech the President has made since he rose to the high place he fills was made in reply to Judge Lewis of the Internal Revenue Bureau on Friday last. It expressed his views upon important points at considerable length. Judge Lewis referred to the slave-aristocracy, and the fact that its spirit seemed not yet to be broken. The President replied that he had all his life been the foe of aristocracy and monopoly, but there was one kind of aristocracy he loved—that of virtue, intellect and labor. There is no doubt about it—we have a President who is a Democrat, who would never think of regarding an English aristocrat with favor simply because he is an Abolitionist. He will lead the country boldly, and will not take very much advice from "aristocrats" of any kind.

The course pursued by Gen. Wallace in Baltimore towards the Secessionists of that city has alarmed some of our rebellion sympathizers. There, as here, the worst exhibitions made by these cowardly men and women were *in churches!* In this city two or three of the meanest of the Secessionists are clergymen of the Episcopal Church. They have vented their spite by refusing to pray for the President, and in other ways. One of these men, the clergyman of Trinity Church, has come round since the end of the rebellion, and actually gave notice that he should preach a sermon upon the death of the President. He said a few words in praise of Mr. Lincoln's kindness and gentleness, and then, as if fearing that he had offended the miserable hypocrites sitting around him, he burst out into a roaring panegyric of Virginia! Yes, he spent more time in eulogizing a State that for four years has been waging a murderous war upon the government than he did upon Mr. Lincoln. If we had a proper public sentiment here, such men would long ago have been compelled to go South. The *Chronicle* of yesterday morning pillories another of the reverend sneaks in this city—Rev. Dr. Pinckney of the Church of the Ascension. It seems that this man refused to notice the death of the President, and has kept silence in his pulpit on the subject ever since it occurred. It is just such men who are guilty of the murder. They kept Booth in countenance, inflamed his unruly passions, and are consistent enough not to condemn his terrible deeds. I very much doubt myself which is the most guilty—Pinckney or Booth. Let us be thankful that there are but few such people here—no more, I presume, than are to be found in New York. Bad men swarm in all cities, and since the war began some of the worst men in the country have been Episcopal clergymen. Why is it? Are they naturally allied to the slaveholding aristocracy of the South?

Booth the murderer has met his earthly reward for his deed in a sudden and terrible death. He is in his grave before his victim. It is well as it is. Better so than to have subjected the entire country to the horrors of a long trial of the principal in the assassination plot. The other parties will be tried, but they are coarse men, with whom even rebels will have no sympathy. By the way, it is a little curious to notice with what vim and spite some of our Secessionists criticize Harold for his desertion of Booth. "Let *him* be hung first!" exclaimed a rebel sympathizer in my hearing. I should like to know *why* this "sympathizer" desired Harold to be punished *first*. Was it because he was an accomplice in a devilish plot, *or because he deserted Booth*, out of cowardice, when the end of the tragedy was near?

AVON.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENT has been ratified by the Legislatures of Tennessee and Arkansas—in the latter by a unanimous vote. This makes the whole number of ratifying States, at the present time, 21—including, of course, Virginia and Louisiana. Five loyal States, viz: New Hampshire, Connecticut, Iowa, California and Oregon, are yet to act upon the question. The Legislature of New Hampshire meets June 7th, and that of Connecticut on Wednesday of the present week. The ratification will of course be prompt in both of these States. The Legislature of Oregon meets on the 2d Monday of September, that of California on the first Monday in December, and that of Iowa on the 2d of January next. Of the prompt ratification of the Amendment in these three States there is not the least doubt; and they will make the whole number of *loyal* ratifying States (not reckoning Virginia, Louisiana, Tennessee and Arkansas) 22. But New Hampshire and Connecticut, so soon to act, will alone carry the number of such States to 19—which, it will be observed, is exactly "three-fourths of all the States" now in normal relations with the National government. Reckoning all the States above named (loyal and disloyal), the whole number whose vote of ratification is certain before the end of next January is 26—one short of three-fourths of the whole. But, of course, not one of the rebel States will be readmitted to the Union before ratifying the Amendment; so that, in any event, the success of the measure is certain. There is good reason for the hope that Kentucky will ratify ere long, and we are sure that New Jersey can, with proper effort, be carried at the next election.

But we are very confident that the Amendment will legally become a part of the Constitution when ratified by 19 States, and we trust the Administration, adopting this view, will take the steps necessary to bring the question before the Supreme Court, of whose decision we entertain no doubt. A case could easily be made by a slave in Kentucky or Delaware suing for his liberty on the ground of the Amendment.

The Assassination.

JEFF. DAVIS AN ACCOMPLICE.

$100,000 REWARD FOR HIS CAPTURE!

OTHER REBEL LEADERS IMPLICATED.

PROCLAMATION BY THE PRESIDENT.

Whereas, It appears from evidence in the Bureau of Military Justice that the atrocious murder of the late President, Abraham Lincoln, and the attempted assassination of the Hon. W. H. Seward, Secretary of State, were incited, concerted and procured by and between Jefferson Davis, late of Richmond, Va., and Jacob Thompson, Clement C. Clay, Beverley Tucker, George N. Sanders, W. C. Cleary, and other rebels and traitors against the government of the United States, harbored in Canada; now, therefore, to the end that justice may be done, I, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, do offer and promise for the arrest of said persons, or either of them, within the limits of the United States, so that they can be brought to trial, the following rewards: One hundred thousand dollars for the arrest of Jefferson Davis; twenty-five thousand dollars for the arrest of Clement C. Clay; twenty-five thousand dollars for the arrest of Jacob Thompson, late of Miss.; twenty-five thousand dollars for the arrest of George N. Sanders; twenty-five thousand dollars for the arrest of Beverley Tucker, and ten thousand dollars for the arrest of William C. Cleary, late Clerk of Clement C. Clay.

The Provost-Marshal-General of the United States is directed to cause a description of said persons, with notice of the above rewards, to be published.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and [L. S.] caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington, the second day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five, and of the independence of the United States of America the eighty-ninth.

ANDREW JOHNSON.

By the President: W. HUNTER, Acting Secretary of State.

NEW-BORN ZEAL.—The *Evening Post* informs us that "a public meeting of colored citizens," held on Monday evening at Shiloh Church, for the purpose of making "the needful arrangements to have delivered in Cooper Institute, by Frederick Douglass, a discourse on the life and death of Abraham Lincoln," took occasion to resolve, "That the American Anti-Slavery cannot in good faith, without a violation of assumed honorable trust, at present dissolve."

Why this new-born interest in the American Anti-Slavery Society on the part of the colored citizens of New York? In 1840, they all, with here and there an individual exception, "forsook it and fled," and from that day to this they have never, as a class, deigned to give it even the benefit of a resolution. For twenty-five years the Society, struggling against wind and tide, has maintained a foothold in this city, publishing its organ and doing all that it could by other means to promote the abolition of slavery and vindicate the equal rights of the negro; but never, during this whole period, have the colored citizens of New York so much as held one public meeting to tender it their support or sympathy, or in any other way evinced a decided interest in its operations. Not a contribution for its treasury has ever been taken up in one of their churches, nor have they given any appreciable support to the STANDARD. We do not state these facts by way of complaint, for it was the right of the colored people to choose the agencies by which they would work for the abolition of slavery and for their own amelioration. But the case being as we have stated, is it not a little singular that now, when Mr. Garrison and other leading members of the Society, in view of the fact that the Government and People of the United States have pronounced solemn and irrevocable sentence of death upon slavery, have come to the conclusion that the Society may be honorably dissolved, those who have so long been utterly indifferent to its fate should all at once be smitten with a conviction of its great usefulness, and assume to lecture its life-long supporters upon the duty of keeping it alive? We venture to suggest that the question whether the Society should or should not be dissolved may very properly and safely be left to the decision of *those by whose toils and sacrifices it has been supported hitherto*, and that, too, without interference from others. We do not think that Mr. Garrison and those who have been associated with him in the thirty years' struggle for the abolition of slavery need lessons in "good faith" and "honorable trust" from any quarter.

The colored people of New York—such of them as were active in the anti-slavery cause—generally seceded from the American Anti-Slavery Society in 1840, joining a rival and hostile association, the American *and Foreign* Anti Slavery Society. The latter was dissolved long since, while slavery was in the very zenith of its power, but we never heard that the colored people charged its managers with bad faith. More recently another rival association, the American *Abolition* Society, was formed, and it, too, was dissolved years ago, without remonstrance from "Shiloh." But it seems that our Society, which has kept in the field till slavery is in the agonies of death, is not to be permitted to dissolve if those hitherto hostile or indifferent to it can prevent it! This new-born zeal has to us a very suspicious look.

THE ASSASSINS.—We announced last week that the murderer of the President had been discovered and killed. We need not occupy our space with the details of the pursuit and tragic end of the assassin, for they are already known to our readers, and we think the sooner they cease to engross the public attention the better. Payne, the assassinator of the Seward family, has made a confession of his guilt. He said it was useless for him to withhold it longer. He had been fully identified by six persons, and the government had other evidence in its possession that he was the party assigned to that horrible crime.

A large number of persons have been arrested, and the government is said to have made very important discoveries. The Washington *Republican* says:

"The investigation in this city has developed facts of the most astounding character. The official record will eventually show this. These developments, resulting from a partial search, only show what would be brought to light by unroofing and unearthing, if necessary, every house in the District of Columbia. Seek for double partitions, false walls, secret apartments, under cellars, where the great State prisoners were to be kept secreted in chains after being kidnapped.

"That it is in evidence that President Lincoln, Vice-President Hamlin, the members of the Cabinet, Gen. Grant, Chief-Justice Chase and Speaker Colfax were marked as the victims of certain rebel conspirators and assassins there is little doubt; that the plot originated with the chief political rebels in Richmond, was planned in detail in Canada and was to be executed in this city, there is also no doubt. That secret meetings were held at the residences of secessionists in this city to further the execution of this fiendish plot is well known.

"The arrests already made of persons known to be parties to the murder of President Lincoln, and the facts thus far ascertained, of the hellish purpose of the rebel assassins to strike from existence all the leading men of the National government, thus leaving it without a legal head, and the reins of government to be seized by an erratic, ambitious general who might at the time be in the field at the head of an army—will, when all is made known, startle our people and astound the world!"

The trial of the conspirators has not yet commenced, but a special court will soon be ordered for that purpose, before which will be brought an enormous mass of evidence now being prepared, with scores of persons already in custody.

NATIONAL HUMILIATION.—Thursday, June 1st, has been appointed by the President as "a day for special humiliation and prayer in consequence of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln." The day originally named for this purpose was May 25th, the festival of the Ascension, and the change was made in deference to the feelings of those who wish to observe that as a day of rejoicing.

DIED,

PUAVIS.—On Thursday morning, April 27th, at the residence of his mother, Bensalem, Bucks Co., Pa., after a sudden and severe illness, in the 19th year of his age, ALFRED, son of the late Joseph Purvis.

"Unstained by many a crime,
Which to maturer years might owe their birth;
In Springtime's earliest bloom, in morning's prime,
How blest are they who quit this chequered scene of earth!"

NEW MUSIC.

HORACE WATERS, Music publisher, 481 Broadway, has laid on our table his latest publications, as follows:

"Richmond is Ours!" Words by A. J. H. Duganne; music by Mrs. E. A. Parkhurst.

"The Fall of Richmond." A descriptive piece for the Piano. By Joseph Raff.

"Danse des Odalisques"—Polka Gallop. By Charles Fradel.

"There's a Sound that is Dearer, or the Voice of my Mother." Words by W. Dexter Smith; music by Carl Zerman.

"Jessie Lee." Song and Chorus. Composed by William B. Tremaine.

"A Home on the Mountain." Words by Rev. Sidney Dyer; music by Mrs. E. A. Parkhurst.

"Charleston is Ours." Song and Chorus. Composed by George A. Meitzke.

"Fairy Whispers." Nocturne for the Pianoforte, by Sidney Smith.

"Did You Mean what You Said?" Song and Chorus. By John S. Cox.

"Oh send me one Flower from his Grave." Ballad and Chorus. Words by Mrs. M. A. Kidder; music by Mrs. E. A. Parkhurst.

"Gen. Sheridan's Quickstep." By Joseph Raff.

"Juanita." No. 4 of Standard Duetts.

"Alla Polacca." No 3 of "Characteristic Pieces." By Wm. F. Muller.

"Funeral March in Memory of Abraham Lincoln." Music by Mrs. E. A. Parkhurst.

Chronicles of the War.

Latest News in Brief.

Gen. Grant arrived in Washington on Saturday, direct from Sherman's headquarters. From one who was present when Gen. Grant arrived there, we learn that the latter immediately sent a message to Johnston that the Sherman-Johnston agreement had been disapproved, and that hostilities would recommence within forty-eight hours from the time the messenger passed within the rebel picket line. On the same day Sherman made a demand upon Johnston to surrender. Johnston requested a further armistice, and an interview, which was appointed for noon of the 26th. Gen. Sherman was at the rendezvous at the time named, and Johnston arrived in about an hour after, he having been detained by some accident. After a short conference, it was agreed that Johnston should surrender on terms substantially the same as those agreed upon by Gen. Lee when he surrendered to Gen. Grant. Gen. Johnston's command embraces nearly 30,000 troops.

A dispatch from Raliegh, N. C., dated April 28, states that the Army of the Tennessee and the Army of Georgia were to take their departure from that city and proceed to Richmond, leaving the Army of the Ohio, Gen. Schofield commanding, consisting of the Twenty-third and the Tenth Corps, to be distributed as a garrison force throughout the State. Johnston's army were on the 29th to deliver up all their arms and military effects to the United States authorities at Greensboro.

A dispatch from Washington to the Philadelphia *Press* says: "Gen. Sherman's army is *en route* for Washington, overland. The government to-day telegraphed to Baltimore, Philadelphia and New York for fifty bakers from each place, in order to

Miscellaneous Department.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

COL. ROBERT G. SHAW.

"They buried him with his niggers,"
Together they fought and died,
There was room for them all where they laid him
The grave was deep and wide,
For his beauty and youth and valor,
Their patience and love and pain,
And at the last day together
They shall all be found again.

"They buried him with his niggers."
Earth holds no prouder grave,
There is not a Mausoleum
In the world beyond the wave,
That a nobler tale has hallowed,
Or a purer glory crowned,
Than the nameless trench where they buried
The brave so faithful found.

"They buried him with his niggers,"
A wide grave should it be!
They buried more in that shallow trench
Than human eye could see;
Aye, all the shames and sorrows
Of more than a hundred years
Lie under the weight of that Southern soil,
Despite those cruel sneers.

"They buried him with his niggers,"
But the glorious souls set free
Are leading the van of the army
That fights for Liberty.
Brothers in Death, in Glory
The same palm branches bear,
And the crown is as bright o'er the sable brows
As over the golden hair.

Florence. MARY BROWN.

PERSONAL IMPRESSIONS OF MR. LINCOLN.

BY F. B. CARPENTER.

MY DEAR MR. TILTON: You ask me if I will not write out some incidents of my intercourse with Mr. Lincoln for the *Independent*. The absorbing interest with which everything relating to him is now read, and will be cherished, must be my excuse, if excuse is needed, for thus placing myself before the public. As you and my personal friends generally know, my relation to the late President was peculiar. Perhaps no one outside of his official family ever enjoyed such unusual opportunies for studying and knowing him. For six months of last year I was an occupant of the White House, permitted, during the whole of this period, the freedom of his private office at almost all hours—engaged upon a work commemorating what he believed to be the greatest event of his life, and by far the most important of his administration; a work in which, as many will bear me witness, he felt and manifested the deepest interest; for the consummation and perfection of which he invited me to the White House. It is no exaggeration, then, to say, that my opportunities for seeing and knowing Mr. Lincoln were almost unexampled.

My friends have often urged me to write out for publication the incidents of these, to me, memorable six months. The obvious reasons which have hitherto stood in the way of this may be said now to exist no longer, and I hope at an early day to be able to put in permanent form many reminiscences which would at any time, in connection with the illustrious subject, have commanded popular interest, but which will now be invested with a sacredness which belongs only to the history of the world's martyrs.

Many persons have formed their impressions of Mr. Lincoln from the stories in circulation attributed to him, and, consequently, suppose him to have been habitually of a jocund, humorous disposition. This was a characteristic side of him, but it was merely the by-play of his nature.

I believe that it was this happy faculty of throwing off care for the moment that kept him alive under his heavy burdens; but any true discerner of character, looking into that worn and seamed face, would have said at once, "He is a sad if not a melancholy man."

It has been the business of my life, as you know, to study the human face, and I say now, as I have said repeatedly to friends, Mr. Lincoln had the saddest face I ever painted! During some of the dark days of last Spring and Summer I saw him at times when his careworn, troubled appearance was enough to bring tears of sympathy into the eyes of his most violent enemies. I recall particularly one day, when, having occasion to pass through the main hall of the domestic apartments, I found him all alone, pacing up and down a narrow passage, his hands behind him, his head bent forward upon his breast, heavy black rings under his eyes, showing sleepless nights—altogether such a picture of the effects of weighty cares and responsibilities as I never had seen. And yet he always had a kind word and almost always a genial smile, and it was his way frequently to relieve himself at such times by some harmless pleasantry. I recollect an instance told me by one of the most radical members of the last Congress. It was during the darkest days of '62. He called upon the President, early one morning, just after news of a disaster. It was a time of great anxiety if not despondency. Mr. Lincoln commenced telling some trifling incident—which the Congressman was in no mood to hear. He rose to his feet and said, "Mr. President, I did not come here this morning to hear stories; it is too serious a time." Instantly the smile disappeared from Mr. Lincoln's face, who exclaimed, "A——, sit down! I respect you as an earnest, sincere man. You cannot be more anxious than I am constantly, and I say to you now, that were it not for this occasional *vent*, I should die!"

Judge Bates once said to me that the President's stories "were almost always told in the place of argument." The character of his mind was such, that his thought naturally took on this form of illustration, and the point he wished to enforce was always brought out in this way, with a strength and clearness impossible in abstract discussion.

A large number of those whom he saw every day came with appeals to his feelings in reference to relatives and friends in confinement and under sentence of death. It was a constant marvel to me that, with all his other cares and duties, he could give so much time and be so patient with this multitude. I have known him to sit for hours patiently listening to details of domestic troubles from poor people—much of which, of course, was irrelevant—carefully sifting the facts, and manifesting as much anxiety to do exactly right as in matters of the gravest interest. Poorly clad people were more likely to get a good hearing than those who came in silks and velvets. No one was ever turned away from his door because of poverty. If he erred, it was to be on the side of mercy. It was one of his most painful tasks to confirm a sentence of death. I recollect the case of a somewhat noted rebel prisoner, who had been condemned to death I believe as a spy. A strong application had been made to have his sentence commuted. While this was pending, he attempted to escape from confinement, and was shot by the sentinel on guard. Although he richly deserved death, Mr. Lincoln told Judge Holt in my presence that "it was a great relief to him that the man took his fate into his own hands."

If the slightest occasion existed for showing clemency he was sure to improve it.

Judge Bates, in the same conversation referred to above, said that he had often told the President that "he was hardly fit to be intrusted with the pardoning power." "Why," said the Judge, "he can scarcely turn away from the application (if it touches his feelings) of a man, and the tears of a *woman* are sure to overcome him!"

A touching instance of his kindness of heart occurred quite recently, and was told me incidently by one of the servants. A poor woman from Philadelphia had been waiting with a baby in her arms, for three days to see the President. Her husband had furnished a substitute for the army, but some time afterward was one day made intoxicated by some companions, and in this state induced to enlist. Soon after he reached the army he deserted, thinking that, as he had provided a substitute the government were not entitled to his services. Returning home, he was, of course, arrested, tried, convicted, and sentenced to be shot. The sentence was to be executed on Saturday. On Monday, his wife left her home with her baby to endeavor to see the President. Said old Daniel: "She had been waiting here three days, and there was no chance for her to get in. Late in the afternoon of the third day the President was going through the back passage to his private rooms, to get a cup of tea or take some rest." (This passage-way has lately been constructed, and shuts the person passing entirely out of view of the occupants of the ante-room). "On his way through he heard the little baby cry. He instantly went back to his office and rang the bell. 'Daniel,' said he, 'is there a woman with a baby in the ante-room?' I said there was, and if he would allow me to say it, I thought it was a case he ought to see; for it was a matter of life and death. Said he, 'Send her to me at once.' She went in, told her story, and the President pardoned her husband. As the woman came out from his presence, her eyes were lifted and her lips moving in prayer, the tears streaming down her cheeks." Said Daniel: "I went up to her and pulling her shawl said, 'Madam it was the baby that did it!'"

Another touching incident occurred, I believe the same week. A woman in a faded shawl and hood, somewhat advanced in life, at length was admitted, in her turn, to the President. Her husband and three sons, all she had in the world, enlisted. Her husband had been killed, and she come to ask the President to release to her the oldest son. Being satisfied of the truthfulness of her story he said, "Certainly, if her prop was taken away she was justly entitled to one of her boys." He immediately wrote an order for the discharge of the young man. The poor woman thanked him very gratefully, and went away. On reaching the army she found that this son had been in a recent engagement, was wounded, and taken to a hospital. She found the hospital, but the boy was dead, or died while she was there. The surgeon in charge made a memorandum of the facts upon the back of the President's order, and, almost broken-hearted, the poor woman found her way again into his presence. He was much affected by her presence and story, and said, "I know what you wish me to do now, and I shall do it without your asking, I shall release to you your second son." Upon this, he took up his pen and commenced writing the order. While he was writing the poor woman stood by his side, the tears running down her face, and passed her hand softly over his head, stroking his rough hair, as I have seen a fond mother do to a son. By the time he had finished writing his own heart and eyes were full. He handed her the paper, "Now," said he "*you* have one and *I* one of the other two left: that is no more than right." She took the paper, and reverently placing her hand again upon his head, the tears still upon her cheeks, said, "The Lord bless you, Mr. President. May you live a thousand years, and may you always be the head of this great nation!"

I could multiply these instances—for they were of constant occurrence—but my limits warn me to close. No more sincere tears have fallen during the past week than those shed by the humble and obscure in every part of the country, who had been in various ways in contact with that great heart. And many a poor boy, led into error, if not crime, but pardoned in his great compassion, feels to-day that in his death he has lost more than a father. Surely "THE MEMORY OF THE JUST IS BLESSED!"—*Independent.*

ABOLITIONISTS DINING IN CHARLESTON.

[The distinguished Northern gentlemen, who "assisted" at the Flag-raising in Fort Sumter, dined together in the evening at the Charleston Hotel. After the removal of the cloth came toasts and speeches. The correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette* reports for us what was said by three of the speakers.]

GEORGE THOMPSON.

GENTLEMEN AND FRIENDS: I shall, on this occasion, offer but few remarks in acknowledgment of the toast so unexpectedly given by the friend who has just taken his seat [Lieut.-Gov. Anderson]. Speaking from my own knowledge, he has done my country no more than justice, in saying that the great majority of the people of England have deeply sympathized with you in the great struggle with which, during the last four years, you have been engaged; and that scarcely on this soil will there be more rejoicing over the victories which have been gained within the last few weeks, and on the receipt of the tidings that this great and devastating war has virtually come to an end, than upon the shores of that island from which so many of you derive your descent. For myself, allow me to say that I scarcely know to-night whether I am in England or America (cheers and laughter). Certain I am that in all my feelings—in my thankfulness for the successes which Heaven has granted you—in the contemplation of that era of peace and prosperity—I am wholly an American (great cheers). There is nothing in me as an Englishman—while I retain to my sovereign that loyalty which is justly her due, and for my country that love which all feel toward the land of their birth—there is nothing me as an Englishman which prevents my whole heart being in sympathy with you to-night in all over which you are called to rejoice, and in all which you anticipate in the glorious future that lies before you (cheers).

I have been for more than thirty years closely connected with your country. Identified until within the last few years with that small number among you who desired and earnestly sought the cessation of that great transgression which the learned gentleman (Judge Holt), to whose eloquence I have listened to-night with profound interest, alluded to; but more recently when I saw you arouse yourselves to grapple with this giant abomination; and still more recently when I saw you resolve it should no more trouble your land—that you would pluck up the root of bitterness which has troubled you; that you would repair the great error which in the beginning you committed—I have felt that I was identified with the hope and object of this great nation. To me it is an unspeakable privilege to be among you at this particular time—at a time when you are rejoicing over the complete success of your efforts to put down that odious, causeless, wicked rebellion, which has deluged your land in blood, and impeded your march in civilization and prosperity.

Allow me to say, that I sympathize with you in the glorious privilege which you this night enjoy in speaking freely your sentiments in this place. I congratulate your President, who, through four years of peril, anxiety and agony, has conducted your affairs to such a happy termination. He has nearly four years yet to serve, and God preserve him while they last, and may they prove halcyon days of peace. As he has guided so successfully the ship of State into the harbor of peace and repose, may he still continue to conduct it with the same skill and patriotism during the years that lie before him. Allow me, as the only Englishman present to-night, on behalf of his country to say, that all lovers of freedom rejoice in your success and exult in your future (cheers).

THEODORE TILTON.

In response to a toast to the Press, Mr. Tilton said: Am I awake, or in a dream? Am I on solid earth, or do I stand in fairy land? For what is the spectacle mine eyes have beheld to-day? To-day my own hands were upon the rope that hauled up, till it faced the sky, the flag that floats from Sumter and now over the whole land. When that flag went up, my heart went up with it, and to-night it is in the heavens more than it is here in the earthly presence. Speaking of the war—what was the beginning of this war? It was upon Fort Sumter, standing upon a foundation of New England granite. What shall be the end of it? It shall be South Carolina, standing upon a foundation of New England ideas. What changes? To-night stepping into Charleston, I walked by the side of a man who, thirty years ago, for uttering the sentiments I hear boldly avowed here and everywhere, had a rope tied about his waist, and was dragged through the city of Boston by a mob that sought to take his life. To-night that same man, coming from Massachusetts to Charleston, walked with me past the slave auction, deserted now of its common prey, and with liberty and freedom proclaimed as the law throughout all the land. Let me give you the health of one as brave and noble as the greatest heroes of the army, Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

Mr. Garrison was greeted with three hearty cheers, and responded as follows:

My friends, I am so unused to speaking—in this place (cheers and laughter) that I arise with feelings natural to a first appearance. You would scarce expect one of my age—and antecedents—to speak in public on this stage, or anywhere else in the city of Charleston, South Carolina (cheers). And yet, why should I not speak here? Why should I not speak anywhere in my native land? Why should I not have spoken here twenty years ago, or forty, as freely as any one? What crime had I committed against the laws of my country? I have loved liberty, for myself, for all who are dear to me, for all who dwell on American soil, for all mankind. The head and front of my offending hath this extent, no more (cheers). Thirty years ago I put this sentiment into rhyme:

"I am an Abolitionist;
I glory in the name;
Though now by slavery's minions hissed,
And covered o'er with shame,
It is a spell of light and power,
The watchword of the free;
Who spurns it in the trial hour,
A craven soul is he."

I said that in the city of Boston in 1835, and I was drawn through the streets of that city by violent hands, and committed to jail in order to preserve my life. In 1865 I say it not only with impunity, but with the approbation of all loyal hearts in the city of Charleston (cheers). Yes, we are living in altered times. To me it is something like the transition from death to life—from the cerements of the grave to the robes of heaven. In 1829 I first hoisted in the city of Baltimore the flag of immediate, unconditional uncompensated emancipation; and they threw me into their prison for preaching such gospel truth. My reward is, that in 1865 Maryland has adopted Garrisonian Abolitionism, and accepted a Constitution endorsing every principle and idea that I have advocated in behalf of the oppressed slave. The first time I saw that noble man, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, at Washington—and of one thing I feel sure, either he has become a Garrisonian Abolitionist or I have become a Lincoln Emancipationist, for I know that we blend together, like kindred drops, into one, and his brave heart beats for human freedom everywhere—I then said to him: Mr. President, it is thirty-five years since I first visited Baltimore, and when I went there recently to see if I could find the old prison, and, if possible, get into my old cell again, I found that all was gone. The President answered promptly and wittily, as he is wont to make his responses: "Well, Garrison, the difference between 1830 and 1864 appears to be this, that in 1830 you could not get out, and 1864 you could not get in" (laughter). This symbolizes the revolution which has been brought about in Maryland. For if I had spoken till I was as hoarse as I am to-night, against slavery and slaveholders, in Baltimore, there would have been no indictment brought up against me, and no prison open to receive me.

But upon a broader, sublimer basis than that the United States has at last rendered its verdict. The people on the 8th of November last recorded their purpose that slavery in our country should be forever abolished; and the Congress of the United States, at its last session, adopted, and nearly the requisite number of States have already voted in favor of, an Amendment to the Constitution of the country, forever making it unlawful for any man to hold property in man. I thank God in view of these great changes. Abolitionism, what is it? Liberty. What is liberty? Abolitionism. What are they both? Politically, one is the Declaration of Independence; religiously, the other is the Golden Rule of our Savior. We shall have difficulties before us, but God will give us peace and prosperity.

I am here in Charleston, South Carolina. She is smitten to the dust. She has been brought down from her pride of place. The chalice was put to her lips and she has drunk it to the dregs. I have never been her enemy, nor the enemy of the South. Nay, I have been the friend of the South, and in the desire to save her from this great retribution, demanded in the name of the living God that every fetter should be broken, and the oppressed set free. I have not come here with reference to any flag but that of freedom. If your flag does not symbolize universal Union and freedom, it brings no Union for me. If your Constitution does not guarantee freedom for all, it is not a Constitution I can subscribe to. If your flag is stained by the blood of a brother held in bondage, I repudiate it, in the name of God. I came here to witness the unfurling of a flag under which every human being is to be recognized as entitled to his freedom. Therefore, with a clean conscience, without any compromise of principles, I accepted the invitation of the government of the United States to be present and witness the ceremonies that have taken place to-day.

And now let me give the sentiment which has been, and ever will be, the governing passion of my soul: "Liberty for each, for all, and forever."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Oh, slow to smite and swift to spare,
Gentle and merciful and just!
Who, in the fear of God, didst bear
The sword of power, a nation's trust!

In sorrow by thy bier we stand,
Amid the awe that hushes all,
And speak the anguish of a land
That shook with horror at thy fall.

Thy task is done; the bond are free;
We bear thee to an honored grave,
Whose proudest monument shall be
The broken fetters of the slave.

Pure was thy life; its bloody close
Hath placed thee with the sons of light,
Among the noble host of those
Who perished in the cause of Right.

THE FORT SUMTER EXCURSION.

[Among those who went to see the Flag-Raising at Fort Sumter were several eminent writers, from whose reports of the expedition we subjoin some very interesting passages, as follows:]

THEODORE TILTON in the Independent

SOUTH CAROLINA gave her first kiss to our invading feet at Hilton Head. What a golden morning! What songs of mocking birds! What wild white roses, and orange blooms! The gay green of the Southern grass, the palmettos, the live oaks festooned with moss, the wondrous magnolias yet unflowered, the cactus and the geranium growing as weeds by the wayside—all these were lustrous reminders how far we had wandered from Yankeeland. Nevertheless, the wonderful sea-beach was Brother Jonathan's Nahant over again, only ampler and grander. But in a strange country the pleasantest thing that one's eyes can look upon is the face of an old friend. And who should be the first man to greet us but Col. Stewart L. Woodford, our former companion on many an anti-slavery platform, and now gallantly bearing his country's eagle on his shoulder! No young man in the nation has a more eloquent tongue or a more knightly heart. Then suddenly Gen. Littlefield made a military arrest of our whole party of fanatics and incendiaries, conveying us in ambulances to Mitchelville; a neighboring village of blacks, and named after that noble astronomer who, ceasing to look toward the stars, dwells now among them. Are negroes competent for self-government? Here is a settlement of three thousand, who themselves choose their officers, make their laws, and regulate their political economy as in a New England town. Nor is New York half so well governed; for a mayoralty according to Murchison is better than "according to Gunther." A meeting in the chapel brought us face to face with these villagers. Never shall we forget that scene. Never shall our ears lose the remembered music of that day's solemn songs of praise! No soul was unmelted. A company of world-famed Abolitionists, speaking for the first time in their lives on the soil of Calhoun, to an audience of tearful, prayerful, thankful, emancipated slaves, presented a spectacle of moral sublimity whose parallel no one of the spectators may again behold.

Charleston is a city of desolation—recalling our early school-book pictures of the gaunt remains of Thebes or Nineveh. It looks the skeleton of its former self. Ten acres are strewn with ruins of fine houses—brought to ashes by fire-brands of the rebels—in some places not one stone left upon another, while here and there a solitary wall or gable-end stands a tell-tale of the general destruction. Of the buildings that remain, nearly half are crippled with gaping wounds from Gen. Gillmore's angels of the swamps. What havoc that marksman made! Six miles off, he would sight a gun at the rattlesnake's nest, and crack an egg at every shot! Generally a shell would strike a roof, pass downward slantwise through two or three stories, and come out through the wall—sometimes making a hole big enough to drive a horse through! Eighteen new windows were thus made in the Charleston Hotel, and the Bank of South Carolina was broken a dozen times after its original bankruptcy. In one of the churches a projectile knocked away eight of the ten commandments, leaving these twain: "Thou shalt not steal"; "Thou shalt not commit adultery"—but there was no need of cracking these, for were they not broken in Charleston long ago? Calhoun's grave, spared by missiles, has been hacked by relic-seekers. But I have no sympathy with hammerers at tombstones. The dead have a right to undisquieted ashes. As my own chief relic of fallen Babylon, I chose to pluck a handful of clover growing among the ruins of Secession Hall! Gentlemanly, uncertain Gov. Aiken's house remains untouched—yet despoiled inside by his own act; who, fearing that the shells would break into his wine-cellar, sent into the country his unpurchasable three thousand bottles of old Madeira, and his elegant silver plate; and Sherman's thirsty soldiers found the wine and drank it, and an esthetic negro was discovered in the woods frying bacon on the Governor's silver tray! So the negroes now constitute the first families. How they turned out on Citadel square to welcome William Lloyd Garrison and his fellow-agitators, escorting us to our hotel by a procession a mile in length, of men, women, and children, unconscious of the curse of Ham, and singing Glory Hallelujah! And how grand were the meetings in Zion church—a great edifice crowded three times with a congregation of three thousand of the happiest human beings whom we ever saw compacted into one place—each successive meeting outrivaling the other in beauty of spirit. On the morning of departure, the grateful blacks followed us to the wharf, where one of their number, a true orator, waving a flag in one hand, and clasping his two little children in the other, exclaimed, with a sudden inspiration of eloquence, "O men of the North, you now see why I love this flag: because its makes my children mine, who never were mine before!" All ears tingled at that speech! Arm-laden with flowers, the gifts of a hundred hands as we passed through the crowd, we made our parting speeches from the quarter-deck; and as the vessel glided into the stream, the same dark-faced orator knelt at the wharf's edge, holding up the flag in one hand, and pointing fixedly at it with the other—making himself a statue of Christian patriotism—a beautiful and affecting tableau—the last sight we saw of that strange-fated city, whose great men have been humbled and whose lowly have been exalted.

REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER in the Evangelist.

A few of the slaveholding aristocracy have come back, and taken reluctantly the oath of allegiance to save the remnant of their property. Gen. Saxton says that these once braggart lords of the lash are now the most abject and cringing whipped spaniels who ever fawned for a crust of bread. With the exception of a few blockade-running speculators who sent their profits abroad for investment, the merchants and planters of Charleston are hopelessly bankrupt. We saw the cashier of the Bank of Charleston come up to the Commissary's door and receive his pittance of bread and rice for his daily food, just as the refugee negroes were doing a few doors off! We went through Secretary Memminger's deserted and once splendid mansion; the remaining contraband in the desolate house told us "Massa Memminger sent his money over to Europe; he be up in North Carolina; he be rich to-day." A gentleman in Charleston says that he saw on the books of a bank in Havana the sum of $100,000 in gold credited to Jefferson Davis! Gov. Aiken told me that if this were so, it must be the gift of friends, for said he, "Mr. Davis spent all his salary and is considered poor." Not only is the Charleston aristocracy bankrupt; but most of them *are dead!* Gov. Aiken said sadly enough, "our most wealthy young men enlisted—many of them as privates; they are nearly all dead or in prison; South Carolina has among her whites nobody left but old men and little boys!" Truly the iron has entered into Charleston's proud soul and she is the most blasted, blighted, broken-hearted desolation on this continent. Her cup of misery is filled to the brim. I could not exult over her woeful wretchedness, although I felt that it was not one whit more than her stupendous sin has richly deserved. She has lived on the spoils of the plundered bondman; now her turn has come for the bondman to dwell in the deserted places of the slavocrat. Robert Small, the famous negro captain of the steamboat Planter (who now has a salary of $1,800 as her commander), is able to give bread to half the bank-presidents and brokers of Broad street.

On Saturday morning last I was standing in front of St. Michael's church with William Lloyd Garrison. Just then the Band of the 127th Regiment came down Meeting street, playing *Old John Brown* most superbly. "Only listen to that in Charleston streets!" exclaimed Garrison, and we both broke into tears. I had many such startling and almost incredible surprises during my visit. For example, I stood with Ward Beecher, Garrison, George Thompson the English Reformer, and Theodore Tilton, beside the grave of John C. Calhoun in St. Philip's church yard. It is a plain brick oblong tomb, covered with a marble slab and bearing the single word Calhoun. "There," said Garrison, "lies a man whose name is decayed worse than his mouldering form; the one may have a resurrection; the other *never!*" Several Northern shells have fallen and burst close by the tomb! Did none of the bones in that supulchre *rattle* when the voice of William Lloyd Garrison was heard at the grave's mouth?

On the same day I stood beside George Thompson, Senator Wilson, and Garrison, in Zion Church before 3,000 emancipated slaves! How gracefully a freedman presented a bouquet of roses to Garrison, and with what eloquent words! How admirably the happy negroes understood and appreciated the finest points in George Thompson's speech, which was in language as elevated as if spoken in Parliament. How the roofs resounded with shouts at the first mention of Abraham Lincoln! How we all wept when the vast assembly broke forth into the wild African strain, "Roll, Jordan roll!" It was as if a hundred birds were let loose, and the whole air was filled with melody. The audience resolved unanimously to hold the next anniversary of the American Anti-Slavery Society in Charleston! and Henry Ward Beecher was announced to preach "in this house to-morrow morning!" In the lower room I addressed one thousand well-dressed negro children, and when I inquired, "may I send an invitation to good Abraham Lincoln to come down and visit you?" a thousand little black hands went up with a shout. Alas! alas! we knew not that at that very hour their beloved benefactor was lying cold and silent in the East Room at Washington!

Oh! when the tattered flag—henceforth THE consecrated banner of the Republic—first swung out to the breeze and began to rise towards the sky, did they not hear our shout to Charleston wharves? Anderson and Gillmore pulled first—then the rope came along to our part of the platform where a dozen of us laid hold "with a will." "Was not that a good pull for John Bull?" said George Thompson to me as he gave a hearty surge at the rope. When the flag reached the apex, the whole bay thundered with such a volley of cannon from ship and shore, that one might imagine the old battle of the Monitors renewed again. Then we grasped hands, shouted, embraced, and wept for joy. For in the rainbow of those stripes and stars we read the covenant that the deluge of blood was ended, and that the ARK of freedom had rested at length upon its Ararat.

REV. A. P. PUTNAM in the Independent.

One of the most impressive scenes I have witnessed was Wm. Lloyd Garrison standing at the grave of John C. Calhoun. It was on the very morning when Abraham Lincoln died. The cemetery is a small one opposite St. Philip's church. The monument of the great advocate of slavery and nullification is built of brick and covered with a large, plain slab of marble, inscribed with the simple name, Calhoun. He who slept beneath was the very soul of the hated institution, when Garrison began his mighty warfare against it. The latter had now lived to see the power of his great antagonist pass away, and just as the illustrious Emancipator, who gave to the system its final blow, was breathing his last, the reformer laid his hand upon the monument before him, and said, impressively, "Down into a deeper grave than this slavery has gone, and for it there is no resurrection." It was a fitting hour for such words to be spoken. Garrison was the proper man to speak them. The tomb of Calhoun was the appropriate place for their utterance. It was a scene that a painter might well attempt to produce upon canvas.

Later in the morning I entered the vast building which is known as "Zion Church," and which is used by the colored people as their principal place of worship. It was crowded with an immense audience of three or four thousand blacks. Gen. Saxton was presiding over the meeting, and around him in the pulpit were some of the most eminent public men and leading Abolitionists in the country. The space in front was filled with military officers, teachers and missionaries from the North, and members of the excursion parties of the Arago and the Oceanus. Garrison was standing in the pulpit receiving an address from a liberated slave who stood below, and whose name was Wm. Dickerson. The negro spoke in behalf of the emancipated thousands who surrounded him, and, in words of thrilling eloquence, extended a joyful welcome to their distinguished visitor and friend. They all recognized in him the leader of the great movement which had broken their chains. Pointing to two little girls near by, who were neatly dressed, and were holding beautiful bouquets in their hands, the freedman said, in most pathetic and impassioned tones, that, but a brief time before, he had no power to claim them as his own, although they were bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh. "Now, sir," he continued, "through your labors and those of your noble coadjutors, they are mine, and no man can take them from me. Accept these flowers as the token of our gratitude and love, and take them with you to your home and keep them as a simple offering from those for whom you have done so much." I do not pretend to give the language of this eloquent black orator, but only the main thought of his speech. Hardly one of the distinguished men who followed him spoke with greater accuracy, as none of them did with greater power.

The little girls ascended the pulpit stairs and presented their flowers to Mr. Garrison, who made a most fitting and touching reply. It seemed to me that it must have been the proudest moment in the reformer's life. To stand in the city of Charleston, S. C., in the presence of a vast assemblage of freed men and women, whose fetters he had done so much to break, and to receive from little emancipated children the humble memorial of the thankfulness and affection of the poor who were ready to perish, must indeed have been a sufficient reward for the laborious services he had rendered, and all the obloquy he had endured in their behalf, through more than thirty years of conflict with wrong.

THE LOVE OF THE FREEDMEN for the late President is well illustrated by a little incident which occurred in Washington last Wednesday. Rev. L. A. Grimes writes from the National Capital as follows:

"No pen can describe the inexpressible sorrow which the colored people feel over the death of the President. God alone will know the cry of anguish and lamentation which will break the hearts of the freedmen in the slave-cabins of the South, when the sad news reaches them. They have looked upon Abraham Lincoln as their Deliverer—their Moses—who was appointed by the Lord to lead them out of the Red Sea of slavery. No reasoning could drive that idea from the minds of this simple people, who judge from what they see rather than by what is told them by the whites. A poor old contraband woman stood at the iron gate leading to the White House, all the day of the funeral, waiting and hoping to get an opportunity to see the face of the dead President, weeping like a broken-hearted mother. But she waited in vain, for like hundreds and thousands of others, she could not gain admittance. On being told that God would raise up another Moses for them, she replied, '*Ah! but we had him.*'"

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.—Several of our own ministers visited President Lincoln, under religious concern, with feelings of great satisfaction. A visit of this character was described in a letter a few weeks since. After visiting schools, and holding meetings with the freed-people, and attending to other religious service south of Washington and in that city, our friend writes: "Now I felt that I must attend to manifest duty, and offer a visit in gospel love to our noble President; it was immediately granted, and 6¼ that evening was fixed as the time. Under deep feeling I went; my Heavenly Father went before and prepared the way. The President gave us a cordial welcome' and after pleasant, instructive conversation, during which he said, in reference to the freedmen, 'If I have been one of the instruments in liberating this long-suffering, down-trodden people, I thank God for it,' a precious covering spread over us. The good man rested his head upon his hand, and, under a precious, gathering influence, I knelt in solemn prayer. He knelt close beside me, and I felt that his heart went with every word as utterance was given. I afterwards addressed him, and when we rose to go, he shook my hand heartily, and thanked me for the visit."—*Phil. Friends' Review.*

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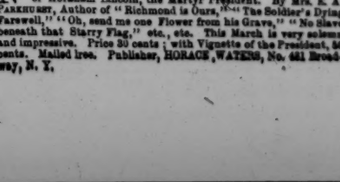

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Receipts during the year	973,534 02
	$2,452,502 61
Disbursements	461,277 38
	$1,991,225 23
Assets	$1,991,225 23

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